THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

VOL. IV, No. 19.—NOVEMBER, 1872.

GRAND MARCH OF THE MILITANT CHURCH.

WHEN the Church first raised her voice for the sanctification and civilization of mankind, the whole world started into an attitude of opposition. That world was buried in idolatry, having a worship seemingly made for man, suiting his tastes, encouraging his passions, and flattering his wildest inclinations. In contradiction to this universal depravity the Church preached virtue; condemned the doctrines of human judgment which had been inspired by sensuality; and labored to restrain the follies of the fallen race. Nations and towns united against the preachers and abettors of the gospel war, which, wielding a two-edged sword, severely cut asunder the flowery chains that bound man's animal instinct to the altars of Venus and Bacchus. To the brilliant feasts of paganism; to the graceful images of an enchanting mythology; to the commodious license of philosophical morality; to all the seductions of arts and of pleasures; the Church opposed the pomps of dolors, grave ceremonies, the tears of penance, terrible judgments, formidable menaces, awful mysteries; the appalling fasts of poverty, sackcloth, ashes; and all the symbols of absolute nudity of self, and profoundest consternation; for behold! this was all that the pagan universe at first beheld in Christianity. Immediately the passions launched furiously against the enemy which presented itself to dispute with them the empire of mankind. The people in great crowds hastened to enrol themselves under their banners; avarice conducted thither the priests of her idols; pride led thither her sages, and policy arrayed its emperors. Then commenced the affrighting war; neither age nor sex were spared; the public places, the highways, the fields, and even the most desert spots were covered with instruments of torture, with racks, funeral piles, and scaffolds; the games mingled in the carnage; on every side men rushed, eager to revel in the agonies and death of the innocents whom they immolated; and the barbarous cry, "The Christians to the lions!" made a multitude, drunk with blood, leap with joy. Rome was

bathed by the veins of martyrs; the emperors applied more energy to exterminate the childlike followers of the lowly Nazarene, than for the conquest of the Parthians and Dacians. Then after years of untiring persecution, when the sword that had levelled Carthage and tamed the fiery barbarism of Sarmatia, was fleshed in the breasts of Christians; the imperial hand that waved a subduing banner over every region of the known world, erected a monument on the banks of the Tiber over which blazoned the pompous motto, "Christianity is destroyed." We can imagine the shouts of triumph echoed from the Senate and the Forum, when the tale of extermination passed from mouth to mouth. Also we can picture to ourselves the fainting of heart in some who once admired the beauties of gospel grace, but now mourned in despair for the seeming interment of every hope, for affronted virtue, and desolated feeling. But there were others who smiled and looked with scorn at this trophy of human imbecility, knowing full well that the utmost daring of the giant sons of sin serves only to relax their earthly strength, and that one small wave moved by the breath of heaven sweeps them to a grave of ignominy. Well might they smile and grow strong in hope, for suffering was the charm of their religion; cruelty increased their faith; and death, the destroyer of mankind in general, multiplied the Christian host. Although centuries of persecution could not dry up the stream of martyrs' blood, the ingenuity of cruelty became exhausted. The executioners stopped from sheer fatigue; the axe dropped from their hands; a heavenly virtue emanating from the cross touched their hearts. After the example of entire nations subjugated before them, they fell at the feet of Christianity, which in exchange for their repentance, promised them immortality. The sacred sign of peace and salvation, the glorious standard of the cross, floated over the wrecks of crumbled paganism. The jealous Cæsars had sworn its ruin, and behold it lifted above the throne of the Cæsars; Rome, once the mistress of the world, became the disciple of the Church.

Successive ages and varied circumstances brought on new trials and triumphs for the Church; tempest evokes tempest—no calm is to be expected till, like the Son of God, entrance is made into glory, by labors and suffering. Six hundred years elapsed, and in the execution of God's decrees the carnal ruler of the world fell beneath barbarian prowess; the spear of the vandal shattered the Augustan throne, and the Gothic banner cast its gloomy shadows over every classic land. In the wild fury of barbarism and infidelity, which then swept all before it to the verge of civilization, the Church suffered, but did not succumb. Her altars were profaned, her sanctuaries pillaged, her asylums ruined, her flocks scattered, and her pastors murdered. Yet, true to her destiny, she survived every shock; she sowed in tears and reaped in triumph. At the first ebb of passion, her word of holy instruction penetrated the darkest cloud of vice. Truly verifying all the figures of Scripture imagery, in the bright noon of her truth she let down her net into the deepest waters of the seemingly unprofitable lake, and brought, on bended knees before the cross, the barbarians whom the elegance of Athens could not refine, nor all the prowess of Rome subdue. It was no small task to contend with base diplomacy and brute force, insatiate avarice and unquenchable ambition, iron energy and indomitable will; yet over that tempestuous sea the Church walked majestically, and placed the calm

and sweetness of charity in hearts throbbing beneath the iron armor of Scythian Hectors. Ordinary reflection would suggest that such endurance and such success, could come only from the interposition of the divine Founder of the Church; nevertheless unhappy men, to whom the light was odious, would not, could not see this. We may observe in the Gospel narrative that the evil tempter having been foiled on the pinnacle of the temple, labored to compensate himself by possession at the very brow of that Mount Tabor, over which were glittering the splendid glories of Christ's transfiguration. Thus he has endeavored, by the corrupted judgments of men, in false philosophy and heresy, to regain all he lost by the overthrow of heathenism. Hence the war has been renewed against the Church. Under the pretext of liberty of conscience, men were found who trampled on every right of religion and society, waging persecution against the professors of the Gospel creed, and embittering the wound of the sword by the infusion of the poison of calumny. Although some persons, actuated by motives which we need not pause to examine, loudly declaim about human progress and human perfectibility, a cool and attentive observer must remark a cycle in human affairs within which the same aspects, the same phases return, eventually producing for society an unvaried, unbroken outline. The Church being associated with the world, having to "convince it of sin," she is tinged with the shadows of the earthly things amidst which she walks. Like her Founder, once poor at Bethlehem, again applauded with hosannas in Jerusalem, then tortured on Calvary, and afterwards triumphant in a glorious resurrection, we find her alternately a subject of slander and of praise, of persecution and of victory. And it is an important evidence of her active fulfilment of the duty of teaching the nations, that her earthly destinies are an admixture of grief and joy, in proportion as vice and virtue gain ascendency in the hearts of men. It is thus precisely we behold in the more recent assaults upon the Church that which history records of ancient Rome. The page of history bears no fouler stain than the record of the persecutions and penal enactments devised and executed against the Church of Christ, in consequence of that comedy of Satan called the "Reformation" of the sixteenth century. We may confine our view to one section of the panorama, with which our readers are best acquainted, and in which we cannot fail to perceive a counterpart of the earliest enemies of Christianity. Never did the beasts of the Flavian amphitheatre howl and rage more fiercely around the martyrs of the primitive church, than did infuriate mobs of unwashed bigots clamor for the blood of priests in the land of the Saxon. Never did the decree of Pagan emperor or of Turkish pasha contain more relentless, cruel, and ingeniously barbarous edicts against the lives and properties, the domestic affections and social rights of a persecuted people, than did the statute-book of British Parliaments exhibit, for the oppression of Catholics, and for the encouragement of their enemies. Catholics when reading the Bible saw that it pointed out a Church which could not fail, which must be heard under the penalty of being levelled with the heathen, and that with this Church the Saviour united himself till the end of time. They were accordingly satisfied with their creed, especially when they could trace its descent from the times and teaching of the Apostles, that descent being registered in the language and monuments of every clime and in the episcopacy of every

age. But Catholics were not allowed to have any opinion of their own. Wickliffe might preach rebellion and community of goods, on the very favorite principle, "What is yours is mine, and what is mine is my own;" Zuinglius might declare that he expected to find the suicide Cato, the robber Brutus, the assassin Hercules, and other heroes of the dagger, and deities of pagan lechery in the heaven of the Messiah; a thousand and one innovators might compose and maintain any strange and staggering pretence of a form of faith, and in that "*free*" and "*enlightened*" land, they were entitled to follow their own opinions, without being maltreated by their brethren of "*independent*" judgment; but if Catholics dared to think as their forefathers believed, if they carried out the Scripture principle, "Ask thy elders, and they will tell you," if they dared to think with the heroes of Cressy, with the Barons of Runnymede, they were quickly informed, with an abundance of abuse and menace, that they must not "hear the Church."

Copying most exactly the sentiments and deeds of Pagan Rome, the power of England seemed to raise on the banks of the Thames a monument, which, though not formed of cement and granite, spitefully boasted, "Catholicity is destroyed!" Such, indeed, is the figurative construction which we may legitimately give to the arrogant upheaving of Anglican insolence during past years, when, stalwart and robust in all the resources of the flesh, that nation believed itself rid forever from any association with the spouse of Christ; when the scattered infidels of every clime hailed her as though she had, in the extermination of Catholicity, effectually concluded the murder of Golgotha, set an unbroken seal on the sepulchre of Gospel life, and had by the clouding of human judgment extinguished the light of Pentecost. Then many mourned for the fate of England, once the land of religion and social happiness, fallen among the Christian nations, to become a Pantheon for all the creations of impiety. Well might she boast! The Catholic body was entirely prostrated, its energies exhausted, without political influence or local power. Thus over and over again, everything that hatred can devise or bigotry invent is brought to bear against the Church in every clime and age, whilst time makes its circuit. Her doctrines are misstated, her morality maligned, her ritual scoffed at, her authority denounced as a usurpation; the ministers of her sanctuary, who with rare exceptions forfeit the advantages most esteemed by the world in order that they may devote themselves to the spiritual welfare of their fellow-men, are objects of unremitting jealousy and persecution. But all in vain! nothing can blight the vitality infused into the Church of its association with the Saviour. It grows when trampled upon; it revives when bled; and rises victorious from the very grave. The evidence of the fact is most conspicuous when we turn our eyes again on England, where the results of many "*trials and tribulations*," have been exactly the same with what we see on the page of history in respect to ancient Rome. There we behold the Church reappearing above the chastening flood, and having secretly and safely preserved the few committed to her care, she sends forth her dove to espy the land, and it returns with the green olive branch, promising that again the waste places shall smile with the joys of Catholic life. Yes, in our day the Church has, with a miraculous impulse, assumed an attitude consistent with her character. From universal unanimous testimony we feel warranted in saying, "The

waste places again smile" with the joys of Catholic life. The Church in England undoubtedly affords one of the most perfect instances of resuscitation, and an illustrious evidence of association with Christ. While the sects are breaking up or dividing afresh, she is daily adding to her numbers, and consolidating her strength. The lamp of mediæval fervor is lighted anew. In stately cathedrals are revived the long-disused pomps of venerable worship. The sound of the bell once more summons to the house of prayer, and the melodious Angelus, echoing through hill and valley, again tells how the redemption of a beloved Saviour shall not be forgotten. The holy guilds of days of ardent faith are revived for the edification of the living and the solace of departed souls. The daughter of St. Vincent de Paul visits the forlorn and sick, dresses their disgusting sores, speaks to them of heaven, or by a refinement of tender charity becomes a mother without ceasing to be a virgin, warming in her bosom the deserted infant. There is the Sister of Mercy ever ready to console numberless paupers, forgetting herself to lavish upon them the most repulsive attentions. There are the brothers of the Christian Schools, instructing infancy in the elements of literature, in the knowledge of science, in the more precious doctrine of duties, and leading the child to happiness by forming him to virtue. And there are the Priests, more than a thousand of them, in full life and vigor and energy, in the strong bosom of Saxon England. Not the priests of Molière or Eugene Sue, but the Priest of the Catholic sanctuary, the personification of the sympathies of nineteen hundred years, the inheritor of the trials and triumphs of religion, of war with Jew, Pagan, Saracen, and heretic. The Priest by duty, and, with few exceptions, by practice also, the living providence of all the unfortunate, consoler of the afflicted, defender of the weak, protector of the widow, father of the orphan, and in the solitude and secrecy of the confessional the repairer of all the disorders engendered by the evil passions and fatal doctrines of antichristian influence. In a word, all the glorious institutions to which in the Catholic Church the piety and charity of individuals have at times given birth find themselves represented in that land where it was hoped that even the word Catholic would be expunged from the English language. In fact, there in England the Church cometh forth as she did in ancient times, rising from the catacombs to triumph in the capitol. In her once dreary abode, amidst the darkness of contempt, in the desolate season of her tears, she did not allow a blemish, a spot or wrinkle to disfigure those saintly features which distinguish her as the spouse of her divine Founder. She confronts her foes, or attacks her friends, precisely under the same aspects that formerly excited the bitter enmity of the persecutors of charity and truth. So it is, that the three principles substituted by heresy for theological virtue, namely, "wealth, talent, and respectability," being freely abandoned to her rival, and being bereft of every worldly emolument, in a condition like that of the Saviour in the stable of Bethlehem, seemingly the most unpropitious to gain the suffrages of scientific wisdom or the homage of princely dignity, she has challenged the attention, won the love, and commanded the obedience of a vast array of dignified, learned, and moral citizens. Hence it happens that in accounts frequently reaching our shores, we find that in the most estimable domestic circles the bosom of virginal purity is ambitious to be adorned with the peculiar emblem of Catho-

licity, the cross of Christ, and the hoary head, fretted and bowed by the anxieties of worldliness, stoops to catch a sound of the voice of the Church, which conveys calm into the realms of death with her soothing requiem chant. Nobles, scholars, and statesmen, persons of the highest repute for integrity and talent, are crowding from the university, from the forum, from the senate, to increase the moral and intellectual strength of the Catholic body. Persons of all classes, many of them of such a character as to cause wordlings to lift up their eyes with uncontrolled amazement, have entered the Church. And here it may be well to remark that whilst a Maria Monk, a Leahy, a Gavazzi, a Loyson, reeking with impiety and impurity, are the types of all those who apostatize from the Church, a Newman, a Faber, a Manning, a Wilberforce, personify the virtues adorning the lives of those, who, leaving house and home, follow Christ within the precincts of the old apostolic sanctuary.

We turn to Ireland, where the Church is as St. Paul says, "*without spot or blemish or wrinkle.*" It is there that the vitality, indefectibility, and immutability of Catholicity, are most strikingly illustrated. Centuries of confiscation, persecution, famine, contumely, murder, passed over the emerald gem of the western world without dimming one single spark of its religious light. The people are not only as chivalrous as in the days of Brian, but they are as zealous as in the days of Malachy. The Irish race, prolific as it is faithful, thronging from all parts to colonies, to marts of commerce, to all the enterprises of modern skill and industry, and betimes to battle-fields of Crimea, Hindoostan, China, &c., carry with them the magnificent religion of Patricius; and the vast circuit of the British empire becomes, like the Roman dominion of old, a field and highway for the emigrating missionaries of the faith. The morning prayer, following the sun and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth daily with one unbroken strain of Irish praise and benediction. It is especially by Irish priests and people that, in the continuous sacrifice, the Church daily celebrates, "*from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same,*" the triumphant march of the Prince of Peace.

Casting a rapid glance over other nations we shall find the present condition of the Church equally worthy of attention, respect, and gratitude. Catholicity has everywhere resumed its place in the first rank, and is everywhere acknowledged to be a power of the first order. When we cast a glance over the countries ploughed up by revolutions and wars, we find the Church everywhere flourishing anew, extending her influence, raising her noble standard, and shaping the destinies of the world. Like the lofty summits after the deluge, in proportion as the waters retire, the truths which she has preached for eighteen centuries, and the institutions which she has established upon the solid foundation of the Divine promise, are again exposed to view.

Most remarkable and unexpected results, most invaluable rehabilitations in the domain of history, have been obtained. The patrimony of historical truth has been already more than half reconquered. No one any longer is ashamed of the saints, the doctors, and the pontiffs of the middle ages. Historico-falsehood, historico-parody, historico-declamation are now duly tested, and receive due condemnation and contempt. Art has followed the impulse given by history, and has even gained ground upon it. A whole generation of archæologists has entered the lists

to deliver the sanctuaries of faith from vandalism, to restore them, and find out their most hidden beauties. Former waste places are being studded with new churches, constructed on the models of the edifices consecrated by Catholic piety from the eleventh to the fourteenth century; the rules and the productions of Christian art are studied with the most scrupulous and attentive care. It has been always known, and it is now acknowledged in the most universal and emphatic acclamation, that the Church has been the celestial crucible in which whatever of human art or invention had within it the essential attributes of higher and spiritual goodness, has been purified and adapted to the service of religion. Does poetry seek to please the imaginations of men? The Church unfolds before her the annals of Christianity, with her grand central sacrifice of infinite love, and all her demonstrations of heroic suffering and courageous faith; and poetry draws holier inspirations from the view, and incites men by higher motives to a higher life. Do painting and sculpture seek to represent objects of refining grace and sublimity? The Church of Christ persuades them to look into the records of the Christian past, and there they find treasures of beauty and splendor, devotion and martyrdom, whose wealth of illustration art has not exhausted for centuries, and never will exhaust. Catholic history is the inexhaustible quarry of whatever is most noble and heroic in man, purified by the grace of God. Architecture seeks to invest stone with the attributes of intellectual grace, and the Church so portrays the sublimities of faith, that she consecrates herself to build enduring structures, which by an exhibition of human skill, persuade men to worship God. Music seeks to weave her entrancing spells around the ear and heart, and the Church breathes into music her own celestial being, until sacred melody seems like beatific worship. All the vaunted improvements in science, in art, in civilization, do not supersede the Church, which, in every case, is seen at the present day the promoter and preserver of all the good, the beautiful, and the true, of which she was the origin and fountain.

But what after all would avail any amount of success, any vivacity in the intellectual order of things, in science, in arts, in history, if the interior life of Catholic nations was not also renewed; if faith, charity, piety, could not in their turn enumerate their pacific and benevolent victories? On this point we can invoke with confidence the testimony of those who are best qualified to speak. The clergy of all orders give assurance that, for the last forty years, spiritual progress is an incontestable fact, especially amongst classes who formerly supplied with merciless regularity a constant reinforcement to incredulity. We may enumerate those great associations, destined solely, apart from the struggles of public life, to propagate the simple and severe practice of Christian duties, and which have arisen in our days amidst discouragement and difficulties. The Society of St. Vincent de Paul, which has transformed so many thousands of gentlemen into vigilant tutors, into brethren, servants of the poor, and which at the present day numbers thousands of conferences throughout Christendom. Then again its rival, the Arch Confraternity of the Sacred Heart of Mary, for the conversion of sinners, of which the annals attest the aggregation of thousands of parishes, congregations, and communities. Then also that majestic work of the Propagation of the Faith, now become in some degree

one of the great institutions of the universal Church; that work of which a daily prayer forms the sole bond, and whose funds, collected penny by penny and week by week, from the savings of the poor, provide for the education, the travelling expenses and the subsistence of so many missionaries, feed the oppressed Christians of Scandinavia and the East, as well as the nascent congregations of Oregon and Australia, give bread to the martyrs of Tong-king and Polynesia, and cast into disgraceful shade those Bible societies which are well calculated for gathering gold in millions, but which have never been able to produce one sincere Christian. Many other associations there are, too numerous for notice at present, the special blessing of the countries wherein they flourish, the honor of our age, the hope of future prosperity. And as if to crown the victory, to confound the pretences of human arrogance, we witness the restoration and revival of those religious orders, which were specially hated by the infidel world. Behold them now emerging from the dark oblivion into which it was believed they had been forever exiled; advancing with modest trust to the conquest of souls, having no other arms, no other succor than their weakness and poverty, struggling against all the snares and impediments of incredulity and sensuality. Behold them, not only in the old centres of religion, but in the smoky manufactories of England, the swamps of Holland, in Norway and Sweden, and other similar wildernesses of infidelity; in the newest cities of the new world, on the outskirts of civilization, confuting the predictions of innovators. They are in Algeria, earning the respect of the Arabs; on the banks of the great American rivers, making "the deserts smile," as their predecessors did on the banks of the Danube and the Rhine. They are seen in the galleys, converting felons; in the pulpit, "making one world tremble with the thunders of another," like the most celebrated orators of any age of eloquence; in the confessional, where they are able to soften obduracy, to enlighten darkness, to cheer despondency, and bravely wage war victoriously against injustice, pride, and cruelty.

How vastly would the picture be extended if we would review the immense array of congregations of women, who, with the charter of prayer and charity, have taken possession of an immense territory throughout the universe! Braving every difficulty, they send out hosts of intrepid female conquerors, to England and China, to Denmark and Egypt, to the sultry plains of Hindoostan, and the ice-fettered shores of Labrador; with equal temper, they travel the burning sands of the tropics or amidst Arctic snow. Young, beautiful, elegantly educated, many of a privileged parentage, they are without a name in the records of worldly regard and praise, without a homestead in social habitation. This immortal race is everywhere multiplied in proportion to the miseries and infirmities of the human family. Embracing within its vast extent all the weakness and the force of fallen and redeemed nature, it is older than all constitutions, fresher and more fruitful than all states. Sixty years ago not a nun was to be seen on the soil of France, fifty years not one in America, forty years not one in England, twenty years ago not one in India or Australia; at the present day their sombre, humble dress, their placid mien, their pure and calm looks, appear beneath the shade of every spire, on the threshold of every school, in the wards of every hospital, wherever there is a tear to wipe away, a misery to alleviate, a

dead pauper to be buried, or a living one to be consoled.

What is the chief lesson of such facts? It is this, that the Church of God, so often, in the view of her enemies, destroyed, will not stay destroyed; that after every "destruction" she renews her invincible youth, and rises to pursue her career of conquest over sin, prejudice, and wrong; that though she may bend awhile to the storm that beats upon her sacred head, she has never been wholly overcome; that notwithstanding all which mortal enmity, defection, and outrage have done or can do, she yet lifts her forehead to the sky, to be anew hallowed with light from the sun above; and strong in the faith and promise of the eternal God, she falters not in her endeavors, patient and persistent, to subdue the world to Christ.

THE PAST, THE PRESENT, AND THE FUTURE.

I CAN see that I grow older,
And I note it day by day!
I can feel my heart grow colder
As its pleasures pass away.
At the telltale glass I linger,
As with faded eye I trace
Solemn tokens which Time's finger
Has engraven on my face.

But one moment can restore me
To my boyhood and my prime,
And sweet memories come o'er me
Of that brief and blessed time;
Then I hear a father's blessing,
And I feel a mother's kiss;
And again I am caressing
One who shared with me my bliss.

Who shall say the Past must perish
'Neath the Future's coming waves?
What the soul delights to cherish
From Oblivion's depths it saves!
Looking backward, on I'm gliding,
Till I reach that final shore,
Where the Present is abiding,
And where Change shall come no more.

AIMÉE'S SACRIFICE.

A TALE.

I.

The sun was sinking in the horizon, and the sky was overspread with a glorious array of many-colored clouds—those hues which artists so vainly try to reproduce on canvas, and which it is still more impossible to describe in words. It was a soft balmy summer evening, the 14th of August, and Nature seemed as if ready to join with faithful hearts in keeping the coming feast, and to give them a faint shadow of the glories of heaven. Very fair was the landscape which lay outspread before the spectator's eye from the churchyard of the little village of St. Victor, raised as it was on a slight eminence above the rest of the village. Beech-woods, softly undulating hills, fertile dales, cottages scattered here and there, and the sea shining like silver in the far distance, formed the delightful prospect; and the old curé, as he traversed the churchyard which alone separated the modest presbytery from the church, could never prevent himself from pausing to admire the wonderful beauty of the scene. On this evening particularly, he stood looking up into the gorgeous sky with the earnest wistful gaze of one who would fain pierce through "each tissued fold of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold."

The little Church of St. Victor did not boast much architectural beauty, and the churchyard was filled with simple green mounds and wooden crosses, with here and there a few shrubs and wild flowers, showing that it was the resting-place for the poor and the lowly. The village itself was very small, but there were many outlying hamlets, so that on Sundays a goodly congregation filled the church. While the curé was still standing absorbed in thought, a side door of the church gently opened, and a young girl about eighteen, very simply dressed, but with a grace in her appearance and movements which showed her to be above the peasant rank, came out. The face which she raised as she approached the curé was radiant with beauty and with innocence; the lines of care had not yet marked their furrows on the smooth brow or cheeks; but there was a shade, as if cast by coming sorrow, over the countenance, and on the long dark eyelashes tears were still trembling.

"Well, my child," said the curé, "are your labors over?"

"Yes, father," she replied; "I have finished everything, and I do think our Lady's altar looks beautiful. The ferns make such a good background, and show all the flowers to advantage. O! I think it will look lovely at Benediction tomorrow, and we will take such pains with the music! O father!" she continued, "if mamma could but come and see it and hear Mass! I did so hope she would be well enough. I have prayed so often for it." And her eyes filled with tears.

"Ah, Aimée," said the curé, "sometimes our prayers are very blind ones, and, like the apostles of old, we know not what we ask. I have just been to see your mother—"

"And how did you find her? what do you think of her, father?" said Aimée eagerly. "I do think she is a *little* better—just a trifle, you know!"

The priest made no answer for a

moment, then he said: "Aimée, I do not think she is better, and she has asked me to speak to you. She would not have sorrow come on you too suddenly. My child, my poor child, your mother is going fast where she will no longer need an earthly altar, and where she may gather flowers in the gardens of eternal bliss. You have loved her well, my poor Aimée; will you not give her up to His keeping who hath loved her best of all?"

Aimée had clasped her hands tightly together, and the color had faded from her cheek. She raised her eyes to the sky above, still radiant with its glorious hues. Within those masses of golden clouds she fancied she could see the pathway which should lead to the paradise of God. She turned her eyes to earth again, and, bowing her head, she said, "*Fiat voluntas tua.* Father," she continued, "I have all but known this for weeks past. I have seen it in the doctor's face, in yours, but I strove to hide it from myself."

"I have hesitated to speak sooner," said the priest, "but this day a letter has come from your uncle in England for your mother, inclosed to me. I took it to her; and its contents are such that it made us feel the time has come when you must face the truth with her, and listen to her counsels for the future."

Aimée closed her eyes in sudden anguish, while a sharp pain shot through her heart. "The future, father," she said—"the future without *her*?"

"Courage, dear child," answered he. "Life is not long. When we look back on the years, they seem but as a day. Even for the young, who knows what its length may be?" And Aimée knew from the tone of his voice that he was thinking of the fair young sisters, of the merry brothers, one week laughing gaily in the old Château de Clareau and planning their future; the next, standing on the scaffold, already wet with the blood of their father and mother. This scene he had witnessed as a young man, escaping by miracle from a similar fate. And it is not to be wondered that from henceforth life had seemed to him but a troubled and rapidly passing dream.

"I must go to the church now," said the curé, after a moment's pause. Aimée followed him, and, entering in, sank on her knees at the foot of our Lady's altar, so recently decked by her own nimble fingers. The church was silent, and the last rays of the setting sun came through the west window, made lines of golden light upon the pavement, and cast a halo around the head of the young girl who knelt there absorbed in prayer. Never had Aimée prayed before as she prayed now. It is not till sorrow is fairly upon us, till we realize that our individual battle is begun, that the bitterness which only our own heart knows is really at our lips—that we pray with intensity. Aimée poured out her whole heart, and offered herself to do the will of God in all things. She asked that His will might be done in her and by her; she renounced the happiness of life, if it were necessary for its accomplishment.

In after years, Aimée looked back upon that prayer, and felt that her offering on the threshold of her life had indeed been accepted.

The sunset had faded, at last twilight had settled on the earth, when Aimée left the church and hastened home.

II.

Before we follow Aimée's footsteps, we must pause for a few instants to tell the past history of her mother. Marie Angelique de Brissac was, like the curé, the sole survivor of a numerous family, who

all perished in the Revolution. She, then a mere child, escaped in the arms of her foster mother, who conveyed her to England, and devoted her whole life to bringing up the little girl, and procuring for her a good education. When Marie was about seventeen, she insisted on sharing her old nurse's burdens, and procured daily pupils. She taught the children of a surgeon in the small country town where the old Frenchwoman had taken up her abode. And it so happened that Captain George Morton, of her Majesty's ——th cavalry, was thrown from his horse and broke his leg at the very door of Mr. Grant's house. His recovery was tedious, and he chafed exceedingly at the confinement, and became at last so irritable and peevish, that poor Mrs. Grant, unable to please him, delegated the task to her young French governess. The result may be easily foreseen. George Morton loved Marie passionately, and was beloved in return. They were speedily married; and as George Morton knew it would be useless to ask his father's consent, he did without it, and then wrote to announce his marriage to the old man, and ask leave to bring his bride to the paternal mansion in Russell Square. The spoiled and favorite son of a rich merchant, indulged in every whim he could recollect, George was little prepared for the storm of anger that burst upon him for the step he had taken. Mr. Morton had lost his wife many years before, and devoted himself—heart and soul, body and mind—to the acquisition of wealth, in which pursuit he was warmly aided by his eldest son, Ralph. But the whole hearts of the two silent, cold, apparently sordid-minded men were set on George, the handsome, careless, liberal, merry younger son. George was to make a great match, to sit in Parliament, and in time attain a peerage; and as, according to rumor, Lady Adelaide Oswald was only too willing to enable him to take the first step in the programme, the news of George's marriage to a penniless French governess was more than the concentrated pride of the two natures could bear. George was forbidden ever to communicate with his family again, and his handsome allowance was cut off. George laughed heartily, told his wife the cloud would soon pass, thanked Heaven he was not in debt, and declared it would be an agreeable novelty to have to live on his pay and the interest of the few thousands he had inherited from his mother.

In less than two years after his marriage he was again thrown from his horse, and met this time with such mortal injuries that he never spoke again, and expired in a few hours. His fellow-officers did all they could for the young broken-hearted widow and his infant daughter. The commanding officer wrote to Mr. Morton to implore help; but the appeal was in vain. It was then thought better to purchase a small annuity for Mrs. Morton with the little funds George had died possessed of; and as she had heard that one of the early friends of her family had been appointed curé to the little village of St. Victor, she determined upon going there, at least for a time. There her old nurse, who followed her everywhere, died, and there she continued to live and educate her child. Time had softened her great sorrows, and her existence had been for many years a happy and tranquil one. Her child grew up in beauty and grace, and possessing every disposition of heart and mind a mother could desire. If she had a fear, it was that her nature was too gentle, too pliant, too ready to forget herself for others, to enable her to battle alone with a hard and cruel world. Aimée Morton was

one of those beings whom Nature seems to intend should be always safely sheltered from the struggles of life. They should lean on some nature stronger than their own, like the tendrils which wind themselves round a tree. But when Mrs. Morton spoke of this fear of hers to the curé, he only smiled, and bade her remember that it is the meek who inherit the earth. When, however, Mrs. Morton perceived that consumption was making rapid strides in her constitution, a pang of mortal agony shot through her as she thought of what was to be Aimée's fate, left alone in a pitiless world. The curé was an old man, and she could not, therefore, hope that he could long watch over and protect her darling child. Besides, Mrs. Morton's annuity ceased with her life, and there were no means at St. Victor for Aimée to earn her bread. She was well educated; her mother had taken great pains in teaching her, and the curé had made it his delight to increase her stock of knowledge. George Morton's father had long since been dead, and Ralph had succeeded to the full enjoyment of the old man's wealth. No sign of relenting had come from that deathbed to the unoffending widow and orphan of his once loved son. And now, emboldened by the approach of death, which so levels the distinctions of earth in the eyes of those just hovering on eternity, Mrs. Morton wrote to Ralph, telling him she was on the brink of the grave, and imploring his help for the child she would leave behind her. She inclosed her letter in one from the curé and doctor confirming her statement.

And after many days' suspense the answer had come.

Aimée and her mother lived in a little cottage close by the presbytery. It had originally been but a peasant's cottage, and it did, in fact, contain but four small rooms; but Mrs. Morton had gradually transformed it into a most graceful little home. Creepers twined round the white walls, and roses peeped in at the window. A pretty garden surrounded the house, while inside the furniture, though simple, was gracefully arranged; flowers, books, and pictures adorned the little sitting-room, and an air of refinement pervaded the dwelling. In that sitting-room, reclining in an easy-chair, propped up with pillows, lay Mrs. Morton. A stranger would have been astonished to find that Aimée could possibly have been in ignorance as to her mother's state; but the change had come so gradually, that it was not to be wondered at that the poor child had fondly hoped on even to the last. But to other eyes the emaciated form, the sunken eyes, the hectic glow, the short dry cough, told their own tale. Aimée hastened to her mother, and was clasped in her arms in a long close embrace.

"You know all, my darling?" said she.

"Yes, sweet mother, the curé has spoken." And Aimée resolutely steadied her voice and drove back the rising tears. "Be at peace about me, mother dear. God has given you to me for a long time: I must not grudge you to Him, if He wants you now."

"My own child!" said Mrs. Morton. And she fondly kissed the bright soft brown hair of the head lying on her shoulder. "God guard thee ever, and He *will* guard thee. He is the Father of the orphan. Aimée, I will trust Him about you."

"And may be it won't be very long, you know, mother," said Aimée. "You are going home before me: you will be waiting for me on the other side."

A long silent kiss was Mrs. Morton's answer.

"And this letter, mother—may I see it?"

"Yes, dearest, here it is." And

a letter in a thick blue envelope, with a large, red, official-looking seal, was put into her hands. Its contents were brief, and might have been supposed rather to refer to an assignment of goods than the future fate of an orphan niece.

Mr. Ralph Morton stated that, in the event of Mrs. George Morton's death, he was willing to adopt her daughter Aimée, to provide for her during his life, and to leave her a sufficiency at his death, provided her conduct was such as he should approve of; that before her arrival in England he should require copies of his brother's marriage certificate and the child's baptismal register; that he should be willing to pay all expenses of her journey to England so soon as he should receive intimation of her readiness for departure; but that he wished it to be distinctly understood that he would have nothing to do with his niece during Mrs. Morton's lifetime, nor would he pay any debts contracted by that lady, or hold any farther communication with her. The blood rushed to Aimée's cheek and brow as she read the last sentences. "Even on the threshold of the grave, could not that last insult have been spared?" thought she. She gave a glance at her mother's peaceful face, and realized that it is precisely on that threshold that insult loses its sting. Mr. Morton's taunt had no power to move the heart so soon to be done with earth.

From this day the mother and daughter often spoke together of the time when they should be separated, and Aimée received many a wise counsel from her mother's lips, to be treasured up for days to come. Mrs. Morton told her all she knew of the character of the uncle who would soon be her only relative. Very early in life he had been disappointed in his affections, and treated with great treachery. From that hour he grew hard, morose, and unfeeling, and threw himself with all the strength of his iron nature into the acquisition of wealth. Still, however, his strong affection for his brother George had survived the wreck of his better nature, and George had always firmly believed that Ralph's anger would in the event of his death be ended, and that he would extend protection to his wife and child.

"And therefore, my child," said Mrs. Morton, "I felt compelled to write once more to your uncle, believing that in doing so I was fulfilling what would have been my husband's will; and it will comfort you to feel, when you are with him, that you are doing what your father would have wished." Mr. Morton was, Mrs. Morton believed, a man totally without religion. She counselled Aimée to bear the trials of her lot patiently, to do all she could to conciliate her uncle, and to draw him to a better life; but, if she found her life in his house was more than her strength could bear, or if any principle were in danger, she was to try and seek employment as a governess. The curé was going to furnish her with a letter of introduction to a French priest in London, who would in that case advise her how to act.

And so the days went on. September, which happened to be that year a warm radiant summer month, flew by without any perceptible change in the invalid; but early in October came cold north winds, rain, and mists. Mrs. Morton was taken suddenly worse, and the last Sacraments were administered. After receiving them, she rallied, and was able to be lifted from her bed to a sofa placed near the window. Aimée hardly left her for an instant; she grudged that any one else but herself should render any service to the being so soon to leave her. One night Mrs. Morton awoke from an uneasy sleep; the day was beginning to break, and, as the feeling of suffocation which she

often experienced in bed came on, Aimée assisted her to the sofa, and then kneeling by her side, they both watched the sun arise in his glory, just purpling the sky above, then making the heavens glorious with his presence. Mrs. Morton opened her eyes, and took one long gaze on the earth which looked so fair, and on the beautiful sky. Then she turned to her daughter, and she laid her head on that loving breast.

"I am going from you, my Aimée," she said; "but remember always, I am *not gone to a Stranger.*"

Aimée pressed her lips softly, and Mrs. Morton seemed to sleep. In that attitude, the old servant Marthe found them when she entered the room an hour later. And then only did Aimée wake to the consciousness that her mother had slept into death, and that she had heard her last words. Those words rang in Aimée's ears as she performed the last sacred offices to the dead. Solemnly she fulfilled her task; there were no tears in the large soft eyes or on the pale cheek; she composed those dear limbs in their shroud; she crossed the wasted hands upon the breast, and laid the crucifix, so loved in life, between the fingers; then, when the curé entered the room, she turned to him and said:

"Father, she is not gone to a Stranger." (These words were used by an Irish girl on her mother's death.)

"No," he answered; "to her Friend and Brother, and who is also yours and mine, my child. Leave, then, this poor earthly tabernacle, Aimée, for a while, and come and meet her at His feet."

And Aimée went with him to Mass.

III.

It was all over; the wasted form of Marie Angelique de Brissac Morton was laid in the quiet grave, where the rays of the rising sun would play upon the grass; where the shadow of the sanctuary wall would shelter it; where wild roses and sweetbrier would scent the air; where the curé would come daily to say a *De Profundis;* and which the faithful villagers, who had loved the sleeper well, would always reverently tend. There Aimée left her; there she shed her last tears in the early morning before she began her journey; there she knelt at the curé's feet for his last blessing, and the old man's voice faltered as he pronounced the words. Mr. Morton's death and Aimée's departure had robbed his life of the little sunshine that it had possessed; but he murmured not, and rather rejoiced that tie after tie was cut which should bind him to the love of earth. With far more calmness than could have been expected, Aimée bade farewell to the only home and friends she had ever known, and set out to meet her new and untried future. She had never been farther than to the country town nearest her village, and the journey astonished and bewildered her. More than one compassionate and admiring glance was cast on the slight, lovely girl, attired in such deep mourning, and whose eyes were so dim with unshed tears. A trusty farmer of St. Victor saw her to the sea-coast, and put her into the charge of the captain of the vessel in which she was to reach England. He in his turn consigned her to the guard of the train.

At length Aimée found herself standing in the great wilderness of a London railway station, with people jostling, pushing, vociferating, swearing around her, each intent on his own business, and all unmindful of others. A footman at last came up to ask her name, and finding she was Miss Morton, told her he was sent for her. He showed her to a fly, which was waiting, and

having found her luggage, she was soon rolling through the streets. At those long, dreary, interminable streets Aimée looked with a kind of awe and oppression. She was thankful when the carriage stopped at the door of one of the large gloomy-looking mansions to be found in Russell Square. Another footman opened the door, and she entered. No voice welcomed her, no hand was stretched out to meet hers, no smile greeted her. A housemaid appeared to lead her upstairs. She found herself in possession of a large room, furnished in the heavy style in fashion forty years ago. A luxurious four-post mahogany bedstead half filled the apartment, hung with dark-brown damask; the window-curtains were of the same hue. There was a massive wardrobe, chairs which could hardly be moved, and an empty fireplace. Aimée shuddered, but not with cold; and when the door closed behind the servant, she threw herself into a chair and wept bitterly. Presently she rose, weeping still, but it was to cast herself on her knees and press her crucifix to her lips. She soon grew calm; the sense of loneliness passed away. She had a Friend who never left her, in whose company the dreariest room was bright, and Aimée rose comforted and at peace.

She went to the window and looked out. Below her was a small paved court, and beyond the house a vista of other houses and lanes; not a speck of green or a flower met her eye. But she looked higher still, and she saw the sky, very cloudy at that moment certainly; "but then," thought she, "it will be often blue, and I can always look at it." And so she tried to enliven the prospect. A knock at the door interrupted her musings, and there entered a cheerful elderly woman, who courtesied respectfully, and announced she was Mrs. Connell, the housekeeper. As her eyes travelled over Aimée's sad wan face and deep black, an expression of compassion and interest came into her countenance.

"Do you want anything, Miss?" she asked. "Sure, it was only this morning that Mr. Morton told me you were coming, and so things are hardly straight for you. Will you take some tea, ma'am? Dinner won't be served for an hour."

"Is my uncle at home?"

"No, Miss, and will not be for half an hour; then he goes to dress, and then dinner is served. Why, Miss Morton," said the good woman, brightening as she saw Aimée's crucifix on the table, "you're a Catholic! To be sure, I never thought of that, though I knew Mr. George had married a French lady."

"Are you one, Mrs. Connell?" said Aimée with a smile.

"To be sure, Miss. I am an Irishwoman, as perhaps you may know." But as Aimée had never heard English save from her mother and the curé, Mrs. Connell's accent was quite lost upon her. She felt, however, she had found a friend; and she gladly accepted Mrs. Connell's help in unpacking and getting ready for the formidable interview with her uncle. They met in the drawing-room a few moments before dinner. Mr. Morton put out two of his fingers with an icy "How are you?" after which he relapsed into silence. When dinner was announced, he gave her his arm, and they went into the dining-room. Two footmen and a butler waited. The plate was magnificent, the dinner very fine; but not one word was addressed to the poor lonely girl, too terrified to eat. Once or twice she made a desperate effort to break the ice of her own accord; but she found evidently that this was disliked, and she gave it up. And so day succeeded day, and there was no alteration in her uncle's behavior. He might have

been deaf and dumb as far as intercourse with him was concerned. His orders about her—few, brief, and decisive—were given to Mrs. Connell. She was to furnish herself with clothes from certain shops which he named, and whose bills were to be sent to him. As soon as possible, she was to leave off her heavy mourning. She was never to go out alone, and as for exercise, the Square gardens would suffice. And having delivered himself of these sentiments, Mr. Morton apparently considered his duty to his orphan niece was done. He provided her with neither employment nor amusement, he gave her no pocket money, and she had nothing but a small sum which remained to her when all the expenses at St. Victor were paid.

The young girl, brought up, as she had been, in the open country, accustomed to sea and mountain air, to work in her garden, and take long rambling walks to the hamlets round the village, felt like a caged bird, pacing up and down the gravel paths of Russell Square, and watching the London blacks settle on the leafless trees. She enjoyed one comfort, that of the daily walk to Mass with Mrs. Connell; and be the weather what it might, the two figures of the old woman and young girl might be seen flitting through the dusk to the nearest Catholic church.

Still it was almost impossible to avoid losing both health and spirits in such an atmosphere. She was very courageous, and she struggled resolutely against depression and *ennui*, a word of which she for the first time began to understand the meaning. She wrote long letters to the curé, and his answers, containing every scrap of village news, were eagerly devoured, as well as some beautiful thoughts on higher themes which he never failed to give her. She pulled down the long-disused books in her uncle's library, and guided by the list the curé had given her—for in the days of exile he had attained a good knowledge of English literature—she read a good deal. She practiced on the old long-disused piano in the drawing-room, much to Mrs. Connell's delight. She tried to teach herself Italian; and, as visiting the poor was strictly forbidden by her uncle, she spent some of her own money in buying materials, and made clothes for them.

Then, in the Square gardens, she made friends with the children who with their nursemaids overspread the place. She soon became their friend, favorite, and slave—was alternately a horse for Master Walter and a lady in waiting for Miss Beatrice, or a perpetual fountain of story-telling to the whole tribe. Society she saw literally none; one guest only ever sat at Mr. Morton's table, and his appearance Aimée soon learned to dread rather than desire. Mr. Hulme was Mr. Morton's partner, a little wiry man with sharp ferret eyes, and his harsh cynical conversation was far worse to Aimée than her uncle's silence. He took little notice of her; but it was deeply painful to the poor girl to have all that she held most sacred treated as a fit subject for scorn and ridicule, to hear honor and faith and nobility and truth scoffed at as impossibilities. Many natures might have been warped by hearing such sentiments; but Aimée's childlike faith and innocence were a secure shield, and not one of Mr. Hulme's coarse remarks ever clung to her memory.

(To be continued.)

THE BIBLE AS A TEXT-BOOK OF ELOQUENCE, PHILOSOPHY AND POETRY.

PROTESTANTS have a good deal of Yankee ingenuity in turning to account whatever opportunities are afforded them of "spreading abroad the glorious truths of Christianity," by means of the "Written Word." We have heard of "moral handkerchiefs" "gotten up to fancy," and containing printed upon them suitable selections from Scripture, such as the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer, with the evident intent that their fortunate possessors may, in some way or other by their use, absorb some Gospel truths. Our door-bells have jingled at the pull of peripatetic tract agents, who thrust under our doors their "holy pages," ofttimes to our utter disgust when we find them in, to us, an unknown tongue. Quite recently an English paper advised its readers of the conversion of a "Romish" servant girl by means of a stray leaf from the Bible wrapped around a tallow dip, and evidently thought it would be a good thing to supply grocers with unbound sheets of the Bible, that wrapping their commodities in them they might thus scatter the good seed. One means they have not as yet tried, so far as we know, and that is the method used by Mr. Dick to distribute his historical facts relating to Charles I.

"What do you think of that for a kite?"

"I answered that it was a beautiful one. I think it should have so much as seven feet high."

"I made it. We will go and fly it, you and I," said Mr. Dick.

"He showed me that it was covered with manuscript, very closely and laboriously written; but so plainly, that as I looked along the lines I thought I saw some allusion to King Charles the First's head again in one or two places."

"There's plenty of string," said Mr. Dick, "and when it flies high it takes the facts a long way. That's my manner of diffusing 'em. I don't know where they may come down. It's according to the circumstances and the wind, and so forth; but I take my chances of that."

We have never heard that our biblical friends have used *religious kites* for the propagation of the Gospel. We have, however, just been informed of a project equally sensible. Seeing that we Catholics, together with infidels and rationalists, admit with them "the marvellous literary excellence of the Bible," that "it is at least the foundation of most of what we call beautiful and sublime in the world of letters;" that it is a "model of literary elegance, and contains more poetry, philosophy, and eloquence than was ever gathered, or ever will be gathered within the compass of any volume;" therefore it is presumed that we cannot object to its use in our public schools as a manual of instruction in those departments of science. Mr. Mathew Arnold, son of the great master of Rugby school, has accordingly "devised a plan which will give us Bible reading in the schools and free it from all sectarian objection, which would certainly be a desirable consummation." Thus we are informed by the *Christian World*, Cincinnati, Ohio, from whose editorial we farther quote:

"The idea is briefly the preparation of selections from the text, sufficiently extended to make a complete unity, to be read with a

view chiefly to literary culture. In illustration of his method he has combined together Isaiah's prophecy of the restoration of Israel, chaps. xl–lxvi. This, as is well known, is one of the sublimest portions of the Old Testament, and exhibits the majesty and compassionate tenderness of God, with an affluence of imagery to be found nowhere else in the sacred volume. Our authorized version is the basis of the text, with such changes as are needed to make the sense clear. In the introduction of these changes Mr. Arnold has been duly cautious. Explanatory notes are added at the end of the manual, which is got up in the ordinary style of a Latin or Greek classic for school purposes.

"Mr. Arnold says: 'If poetry, philosophy, and eloquence—if what we call, in one word, *letters*, are a power, and a beneficent, wonder-working power in education, through the Bible only have the people much chance of getting at poetry, philosophy, and eloquence. The Bible is for the child in an elementary school, almost his only contact with poetry and philosophy. What a course of eloquence and poetry is the Bible in a school which has, and can have but little eloquence and poetry! All who value the Bible may rest assured that thus to know and possess the Bible is the most certain way to extend the power and efficacy of the Bible.'"

Although the *Christian World* considers the plan worthy of serious reflection, we are forced—if its proposers mean as they say—to consider it equally as absurd as that of Mr. Dick. They propose to separate thought from language, to throw away the kernel and seek for food in the shell. Their idea is to use the Bible, not on account of its Divine truth, but on account of its literary composition, its eloquence, its philosophy and poetry. It is to be used merely as a manual of philosophy, poetry, and eloquence. But its eloquence, poetry, and philosophy depend upon its Divine truth for their existence, and are the product of it, and when it is separated from them there remain but dead and meaningless words. Mr. Dick's historical kite floating high in the air had no readers; Mr. Arnold's Manual of Biblical Eloquence, Poetry, and Philosophy contains the eloquence, poetry, and philosophy of language destitute of thought.

It is hard to believe that rational men would be willing to broach so irrational a scheme, but it is harder to believe that they, who profess such great regard and reverence for their Bible, should be so willing to degrade and destroy it. And yet it is only that to which they are habituated. Their Bible is at best for them a dumb book, and not the living voice of the living Christ, speaking through His living body the Church, as is the Catholic's Bible. Their Rule of Faith is not the Bible as interpreted by the living Church of Christ, but as interpreted by their own private confessions, as these are interpreted by the individual judgments of themselves or of their clergy. They listen not to the voice of Christ speaking through His Church, but to that of human opinions, and, consequently, just as the statue of Memnon gives forth the discordant sounds of the wild Arabs who enter its interior, so does their Bible utter to them the discordant voices of their own discordant hearts which they place within it. Such being the case we need not wonder greatly that they should as willingly give their soulless Bibles to their children to be resouled as their shoes to the cobbler, and they expect us Catholics to approve of their plan! We rather think not. We beg to be excused. *Non ita a patribus, majoribusque didicimus.* We estimate our Bible too highly

for that. We would as soon tear the soul from our body as tear it from our Bible. We have too wholesome a recollection of the solemn denunciation of woe it proclaims to those who attempt to amend it. We prefer greatly that both we and our children should forever remain ignorant of its eloquence, poetry, and philosophy, than obtain their acquaintance in this way. We will content ourselves with imitating Socrates and Plato, Homer and Horace, Demosthenes and Cicero, all of whom, we believe, are still considered of eminence in their several departments.

We have been estimating "the plan" on the supposition that its advocates mean what they say—that they are in earnest when they propose to use the Bible in the schools as a rhetorical manual, and not on account of its religious instruction. We do not, however, believe they are in earnest. We are under the impression that the plan is considerably Yankee. They know, themselves, the absurdity of eloquence, philosophy, and poetry, existing in meaningless words; they know they cannot separate thought from language, but they think we don't know it, and under the cloak of a "Manual" they can conciliate our consent to the use of the "Inspired word of God" as a common school-book. "Of course we could wish (says the *Christian World*), and, as Orthodox Christians, ought to labor, for a more complete and full acceptance and recognition of the sacred word; but if the two great classes of people we have named (ourselves, gentle reader, and Infidels), cannot, or will not, accept it for purposes of general education, we are not compromising our Christianity, or weakening our position, if we agree upon a plan which enables them to accept part of it, trusting to the Lord that the future may find them embracing the whole of it." "There is no doubt the literary use of the Scriptures by a child will, in a great degree, teach him considerable of its moral tone; will ennoble and elevate his nature while it instructs and enlightens the intellect." It is not then that our children may have the "chance of getting at poetry, philosophy, and eloquence" alone that the Biblical Manual has been prepared. Its aim extends further. Placed in our schools ostensibly as a Manual of secular knowledge, it is to be used to lessen the respect of Catholic children for the Holy Word of God, to teach them to interpret Divine Truth by the light of their own human judgments, and to rest upon the self-sufficiency of their own reason as the rule of their faith and conduct. In this respect the plan is wickedly hypocritical.

We do not doubt that the Bible possesses wonderful power as an instructor and educator, when properly used, but we do doubt, nay, we are certain, that it is not properly used in the schools; and, therefore, we object. We object in the first place to the use of the Protestant Bible, because we consider it not a true Bible, and in the second to the use of our own, because it is Divine in its contents and can only be interpreted by a Divine teacher—a teacher the public schools do not possess.

We object then to Mr. Arnold's plan. Our objections to it are great—as great as its absurdity and wicked hypocrisy. The former we can laugh at, but the latter excites our indignation and our pity.

THREE SISTERS.

MAIDEN.

A BLITHESOME maiden in the flush
  Of budding beauty, lily fair;
Her soft, fresh cheeks the glowing blush
  Of virgin shyness sweetly wear;
Her eyes, a rich dark hazel hue,
  Their drooping lashes seldom rise—
But meets the gazer when they do,
A soul-flash, depthless as the blue
  Expanse of cloudless summer skies.

Hers is a voice of blandest tone,
  E'er breathing harmony and peace;
An oil on troubled waters thrown—
  A soul whose yearnings never cease
For aught that's beautiful and pure,
  For aught that claims a spirit love;
A mind the world may not obscure;
A heart that pleasure cannot lure
  From the straight path to Heaven above.

MOTHER.

A smiling matron at whose knee
  A baby-boy is prattling gay,
While round the room in romping glee,
  Two laughing daughters sprightly play;
Her husband soft the organ plays—
  She sings the plaintive, wailing notes
Of *Stabat Mater*, which upraise
A swell as sweet as hymns of praise
  That, skyward incense breathing, floats.

How oft is earthly love so strong,
  So pure as is that mother's love?
Smooth rolls her web of life along,
  Of pleasure, pain, and trouble wove.
Hers is no sordid selfishness,
  No haughty pride, no love of show;
The *one* great object of her days,
To train her children in the ways
  That Christ-love teaches, here below.

RELIGIEUSE.

Within a dim and narrow cell,
  Low kneeling on a slab of stone,
A "sister" hears the vesper-bell
  Soft calling to the altar-throne;
The bliss ecstatic of that hour
  Just spent within these cloister walls!
Before the dread, all-seeing power,
What budding virtues ope to flower,
  Obedient to His voice that calls!

Low bending o'er a pallet-bed,
  Lit by the last slant evening beams,
Whereon a restless, fevered head
  Is busy with its youthful dreams—
In softest tones the beads are said;
  With gentlest touch the pillows smoothed;
With earnest voice the Acts are read,
And Hope, with deep Contrition wed,
  Leave soul and conscience sweetly soothed.

* * * * * * *

Of these, which serveth God the best—
  The maiden, bloom in thorny wild?
The mother, guide and guardian blest
  Of God's beloved, defenceless child?
The sister, living but for Him—
  Yea, ev'ry thought for Him away?
O, who can say, for each one serves
Where she is placed, and so deserves
  The promised crown when called away?

The soul that sanctifies the state,
  And, not the state of life the soul—
For, those who serve and those who wait
  To serve will reach the final goal;
And 'tis not what we *do* alone
  That sheds a halo round our brows,
But *deed* and *will* together twined—
The active hand, the willing mind,
  Not less than stringent, sacred vows.

THE FAITHFUL HEART.

She looked up at him with a tender imploring look in her tearful blue eyes, while the child drowsy with sleep passed her little arms round her, and leaned her round, rosy cheeks on her mother's breast. He stood pale and thoughtful before the beautiful group in his black dress, and with his dark, deep eyes, and the words that he spoke sounded constrained and cold: "I cannot remain, Mary, and I cannot tell you wherefore."

"And day after day you go away when the evening comes on and never return till morning is breaking. And sleep comes not to my weary eyes, and the child calls in vain for you in her dreams. Oh, stay with us!"

He walked for a time up and down the room with heavy steps; then he said coldly, almost harshly: "Adieu; do not let your sleep be disturbed," and the door closed behind him, and the sound of his retreating footsteps was heard across the hall.

Then all was still; quite still, but for a sound like a gentle sob which sometimes came from the spot where the young wife sat bending over the child in her arms. Presently she looked on to the road down which was passing the man to whom she had once given her hand without his casting a single glance to the window at which stood the wife to whom he had vowed love and truth, and who now, poor lady, sank down again with a groan into her chair.

Like a star she had risen to the very heaven of the city in which she dwelt. Count Burglitz had taken her to his castle. Oh! how happy, how inexpressibly happy she was! For a year he called her his angel—then he became cold, and reserved—he seemed to love her no longer, and the poor forsaken heart knew not the reason for the change, and suffered long, and in silence. She thought in spite of herself of Alfred of Althaus, who had always behaved to her with such a quiet, thoughtful manner, who had never ventured to address her but in the words of conventional courtesy, and whose true and deep love was expressed only in his eyes. But the dazzling Count, with his brilliant talents, with his high position and splendid fortune, had eclipsed him—and now? Why is she continually thinking of Alfred to-day?

She laid the sleeping baby in her little bed and returned to her chair. The lamp threw its flickering light on the walls of the room, and no sound was heard but the accustomed ticking of the pendulum on the mantelpiece.

And like a dream from bygone days, he stood there with his true, brown eyes turned upon her, and holding out his hand, he said in a low voice "Mary, you are weeping."

She had dashed the tears from her eyes and tried to smile, while she took his proffered hand: "Herr von Althaus, what an unexpected guest!"

"And you may add, at such an hour; I well know it is not the time for paying visits. I wished particularly to see Oscar. I learn that he is not at home, and find you in tears. Dare I ask the cause?"

He spoke so gently, so exactly as in former times, and had placed himself on a seat near her. What should she say? Should she make complaints of the man she loved, of

the father of her child? She was silent, and he pressed her more closely.

"Am I not your oldest friend?" he said. "Do I not deserve your confidence? Am I to believe that Oscar misunderstands you, that he opposes or neglects you?"

"Oh no! Oscar is good, and he loves me." She spoke with quick emotion.

"And have I buried my dearest wishes, kept my lips silent, and pressed my hand upon my burning heart only to see you betrayed? Mary! you are not happy; speak openly."

He regarded her with a look in which spoke his whole heart with its silent sorrows and its buried hopes; and overpowered for the moment by the recollection of her husband's icy coldness, and Alfred's quiet and holy self-renunciation, she suffered him unresistingly to take her hand and to retain it, while lost in thought she was vainly striving to account for her husband's strange conduct towards her.

And at the door of the room there stands a proud form, with a countenance as white and as hard as marble; it steps forward and says in a tremulous voice: "Herr von Altinaus, we will meet at six o'clock to-morrow morning, in the little wood behind the old wall!"

The young wife had not heard the terrible words, she lay fainting on the ground; the young man stood grave and erect before the Count, and casting a long, sorrowful look at the pale stricken form beside him, he retired with a cold salute.

The Count rang the bell. "The Countess is unwell," he said to the servant who entered; "call her maid, and let her be carried to bed." He then left the house.

When the Countess awoke, she felt that her head burned, and her blood coursed with mighty pulsations through her veins. She must try to remember what had happened.

Alfred had been with her, and overcome by inward strife she had let him hold her hand; and her husband had approached—proud, cold, and pale.

She must have given him great offence, for he who was always so careful of her, was not there, and she heard nothing but the sharp ticking of the clock, and the sound of her own sighs.

She dressed herself slowly; she went to his door; she knocked, and calling him by the tenderest names, she begged him to speak one word to her—only one word of pity.

But he came not to the door, and the weak, tender woman sank down on the threshold, and burying her face in her hands, wept bitterly Nature asserted her rights; the sorrowing girl wept herself to sleep, and slept soundly and peacefully leaning against the door-post of the room.

The autumn morning broke sad, and icy cold; and under the green quivering alders, behind the old wall in the little wood, stood two men with cocked pistols in their hands. The seconds measured the distance; there was a report, and the Count sank upon the ground. The limpid brook, under the green alders, went murmuring on as if nothing had happened.

And the poor wife continued her dream leaning against the hard door-post. Then she woke up, and looked around, and wiped the tears from her blue eyes as she heard a heavy footstep ascending the stairs. There were two persons who were carrying a third, with a face of deathlike paleness, and blood was flowing from his breast. There was no need to tell her; she knew what had happened.

They carried him into the room,

and placed him on the white cushions of his couch. Then he raised his eyes, severe yet languid. He saw the pale face kneeling by his bed, and turned away.

"For heaven's sake, pardon, Oscar! I am guiltless," she moaned. "Forgive! oh, forgive! You still love me, for you have shed your blood on my account."

"Not for your sake, but for my honor's, madam," he replied, coldly; but his voice had a sound so sad, so infinitely sad. He would have preferred to die under the green trees, and by the murmuring brook on whose bank he had so often wandered with her who had now betrayed him. She moved not from his couch, although he kept his looks turned from her, and only spoke when it was absolutely necessary.

And winter began his reign; the snow lay on the branches of the alders, and the brook was silent under its icy chains. The snowflakes whisked about in eddies, and evening seemed always to hang sad and gray over the country.

The Count raised his pallid face from the soft, silken cushions of his couch, and looked around. There he saw his little daughter kneeling before the ivory crucifix which hung upon the wall, and by her was standing the beautiful mother whose figure was illuminated by the pale rays of the lamp. The child prayed in innocence and faith: "And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

He heard the words; his heart was stirred as if some musical instrument had sounded through it in soft, sweet tones; but at the moment he met the sad, mournful eyes of his wife, which were turned towards him entreatingly and timidly.

Yes, she had betrayed him; he had with his own eyes seen her with her hand clasped in that of another. It was a bitter and painful thought; the wound burned afresh; he turned again to the wall and closed his eyes as in sleep.

In the spring, when the buds began to swell, the invalid was able again to go forth into the sunshine; but a sadder and deeper seriousness lay in his languid eyes. He was weak and miserable and alone; he had never felt more truly that he loved his wife from the very depths of his soul than when the golden sunlight streamed clear and warm into his heart. It moved him to a kind of repentance that he had given her pain, and had treated her with harsh unkindness, when she might possibly be guiltless; and then he had himself neglected her, and had been cold to her while she had clung to him with the trust of a child, and with the full pure love of a woman's heart.

And as he turned towards home, he determined to go to her, and to press her soft white hand to his beating heart, and to lay his tired head on her breast, and to tell her all that he was able in his justification.

But when he saw the beautiful young creature, with her blue star-like eyes, and her golden hair parted over her pure forehead, then came the painful recollection of the picture which he had seen on that evening. He thought that this flower perhaps loved another; and he looked upon her as the veriest hypocrite; he pressed his hand on his breast, his eyes assumed their cold and proud expression, and he was silent.

And the buds swelled, and soft breezes waved the tops of the bright green trees. But a dark cloud hung over the capital, and rumors were afloat of a secret conspiracy, the object of which was to overturn the reigning dynasty, and to erect a new throne upon its ruins.

It was evening. Heavy clouds covered the sky, and a few drops of rain came down. They pattered

against the window where the Countess was sitting with her little one on her lap. She was telling her strange tales of the beautiful fairies of the wood, of knights with their glittering weapons of gold, of little elves clad in the beams of the moon, and of dwarfs with great large heads, and the child fixed her deep blue eyes on the face of the narrator, and when a pause ensued she asked entreatingly, "Tell me more, mamma, I am not tired;" and then the stories were continued, for the child had been her only comfort since the hour which had quite estranged from her her husband's affections. He now went out as formerly, evening after evening, at the same hour, she knew not whither, nor did she know the hour of his return; but she was greatly alarmed for him. Those dark rumors—were they true? and if they were, must he necessarily have part in them? She dared not ask him; she only thought of him and prayed for him, and taught her child to pray that God would protect her father.

It became dark. The rain pattered against the window, the storm sang its wild song, the child closed her eyes, and safe in her mother's lap dreamed of beautiful fairies and bright knights; the young mother looked out into the dark evening. The servant came in and lighted the lamp, and her own maid entered to ask her commands; she gave her the child to carry to her little bed, and remained buried in deep thought.

Then suddenly, Oscar, her husband, stood before her; his face was disturbed, he breathed deeply, and the pale rays of the lamp flickered over his tall, pale figure. She sprang up, she thought he would have fallen, but in a moment he was standing firm and upright. As was his wont he spoke not to her, but he went up to a marble image which stood in a niche in the wall. It was a splendid statue of Pallas, with her helmet on her noble head, a lance in her white hand, and as the light in the room flickered and waned, the marble image appeared to live and to look down in cold wonder upon the two people who so loved each other, and yet on account of one fault stood so far asunder. He pressed the shaft of the lance of the goddess as he stood—the figure turned a little on a pivot in the pedestal and made room for him to pass into the arch.

"Madam, you can now free yourself from me," he said in a harsh voice, and then retreated through the opening; the statue again turned noiselessly, and the image of the heathen goddess stood there, the protectress of the asylum of a fugitive.

She knew what had happened without being told. Her worst fears had been realized. The secret union to which he belonged had been discovered. She thought not of the consequences; she only pressed her hand upon her beating heart in which he was so deeply rooted. How harsh his last words had been! how very harsh. She betray him! she who would give her heart's blood drop by drop for him. She felt as if she had never had such sorrow.

Presently she heard footsteps quickly ascending the stairs; the footsteps of soldiers, and the sound of arms rattling on the floors of the corridors. Then an officer stepped into her room unannounced. His behavior was rough; he hardly saluted her, and asked in the tone of a command, "Where is the Count?" She stood quietly before him.

"Sir," she answered, "the manner in which you made your entrance here, gives me a right to ignore your question; you can seek the Count yourself if you presume him to be here."

She called for the head servant,

and on his appearance, "Take this gentleman," she said, "through all the rooms in the house, through *all*."

She turned her back to the officer, and stepped to the window. She listened to the sound of his footsteps, as he passed across the hall with the servant, and then all was still. Then she went softly up to the statue, placed her mouth against the wall, and said in the gentlest voice: "Oscar, my Oscar, be comforted; I will give my life sooner than they shall find you. Oh! only whisper me a single word, and say that you do not quite drive me from your heart." But as long as she listened all was silent; and sighing she returned to her seat at the window.

And now the officer came back looking dark and grave; she looked composedly at him without rising from her seat.

"Madam, where is the traitor, your husband? He must be in the house."

"In such case, sir, what answer would you wish from his wife?"

The officer remained unmoved.

"No evasions; where is he?"

"You have sought all over the house, and you see he is not here."

"You are answerable for him, madam, and I beg you to accompany me."

A ray of light shone over her pale, sorrowful countenance. She was to answer for him, to be his security. She rose hastily.

"Yes, yes, this moment, sir; only let me go to my child, and give her a parting kiss, and then I am—"

Did the marble statue move, or was it a deception of her eyes? It moved indeed, and, white as the statue itself, the Count stood in the niche.

"Be tranquil, my wife; I am here."

He came toward the officer, while his wife sank down on the carpet. He turned back to her for a moment, bent over her, raised her head, and pressed a kiss on her pale forehead, and then rang the bell.

"Take care of the Countess." And he went out with the soldiers.

The little castle, with its gray, bare towers, stands far up the rocky height. A mysterious stillness seems to prevail without; only daws and ravens wing their heavy flight around the turrets; and along the pavement of the long passages within is heard the clanging of weapons accompanying a heavy tread. It is the state prison of B——.

The cells are single and clean, though rather dark, and the heart of those who pass by is sometimes touched by the sight of a pale face pressed against the window-bars of the prison.

The commandant was an old soldier, with a rough exterior, which concealed a soft, warm heart. He allowed the prisoners to pass the whole day in the courtyard, which was almost a garden.

The jailer had formerly served under him, and the jailer's wife was a kindhearted creature, whose tears often rose to her eyes when she looked upon those men with proud, serious countenances, who never complained, but in whose faces might be read a whole history of misfortune. A prisoner who had lately arrived, and who had large dark eyes, made a particular impression on her. Perhaps he had left a wife and child to weep for him at home; and he so far off, and he bore his lot with such courage! There was a man who never bent in his whole life, she was sure.

It happened one evening that Susanna—this was the name of the jailer's wife—took a walk through the beautiful wood surrounding the castle. Having proceeded for some distance she saw a pale, beautiful woman lying on the soft, green moss. Her golden hair hung wildly about, and her head rested on her small,

thin hands. She half arose at the sound of approaching footsteps, and said with a trembling voice—

"Good woman, have pity on me; I have been wandering about the whole day, and have eaten nothing. I am very ill."

Susanna assisted the stranger to rise, and then led her slowly to the castle. She looked up with a look of anguish at the gray towers, around which the daws were loudly cawing, and wearied out, went with Susanna through the massive gateway, before which the guards, fully armed, were pacing up and down.

She soon recovered, and Susanna already felt so warmly towards her that she could not bear to send her away till she had learned something about her. She seemed to feel that the tender woman with such noble manners must be nearly connected with one of the distinguished state prisoners. And the stranger willingly remained there.

One day a curtain darkened the room in which the commandant lived, and the jailer and others, with Susanna, stood beside the bed of the old man. He was fighting the last fight with the enemy whom he had often looked steadily in the face when the bullets were whistling round him on the battle-field. It was noon, the time when the jailer was accustomed to take their dinners to the prisoners, but he could not leave the dying man, whom he revered as a father, and so he beckoned to Susanna. But Susanna was unwilling to leave the room; the spark of life might be extinguished at any moment, so she hastened into the kitchen.

"Mary," she said, "will you take their dinners to the prisoners today for me?"

Oh! how willingly. She bent down over her work to conceal the telltale blush that overspread her face, and she endeavored to calm the trembling of her voice while she answered—

"Willingly, dear Susanna."

Susanna left the room. The stranger, with a trembling hand, took the key and the basket, and hastened to one of the doors—for she well knew which was his cell. She placed the heavy key in the lock with impatient haste, but only slowly, much too slowly, could she move it. At last she bent at his feet and embraced his knees, and with smiles and tears exclaimed—

"Oscar, my dearest Oscar!"

It was as if a thunderbolt had fallen, and his frame contracted, his lips trembled! but he stooped not to raise her though she looked at him with tender, imploring looks.

He crossed his arms with his customary cold, proud manner, and cold as ice were the words with which he pierced her heart. "How came you here, madam?—what do you want?"

"Oscar, in God's name be not so hard. I am your wife, your Mary. Why do I come hither? My love for you has brought me hither and I would have gone to the end of the earth to seek you, to see you, to tell you how my whole soul lives in you; do not drive me from you." She was like a broken lily before him and sank to the ground moaning: "Oh! be pitiful; I have never failed in my duty to you—pardon me, pardon me!"

She no longer looked at him, she only stretched her clasped hands towards him. His breast heaved mightily, his eyes almost started from their sockets, his mouth moved convulsively, the man was not quite made of iron. For a moment it seemed as if he would bend down to her, as if his arms inclined towards her—but no, he moved not.

"Rise, madam!" his voice sounded deep and hollow; but she did not rise, but cried with suppressed sobs: "Oscar, dear Oscar!" Then the bell of the church sounded, for the old warrior's strife was ended, and at the door of the room stood

Susanna, who with tearful eyes was looking at the singular scene. She wished to help Mary, and going to her, "What is this?" she said.

The sound of her voice was enough. Mary sprang up and threw herself into the woman's arms, and nestled to her like a child. Susanna said nothing; she saw the dark look, the compressed lips, the heaving breast of the pale man—she placed his food before him and carried away her weeping burden while the door closed in the lock.

As soon as they reached the jailer's apartments Mary fell at Susanna's feet: "Oh do not betray me! Do not send me away—he is my husband!" she said; but there was no need for her alarm. Susanna raised her up and with deep emotion entreated her to be comforted: "I will be secret as the grave. Trust me."

And Mary became more calm; she told everything to Susanna; she told her of her husband, of the dear little one whom she had left under the care of a friend, and she felt relieved she had had no one to whom she could open her heart. "Oh! if I only had him with me, we would go forth into some foreign country where no one knew us. If I could only set him free! Susanna, for the sake of the child whose father you would save, have pity on us!"

Susanna had in fact too much feeling for the wife of a jailer. "He shall escape;" she said, "the death of the commandant will make it easier. I know a secret passage that is not guarded; he shall escape, and may God protect you!" The women talked over their plans; Mary glowing, inspired, excited; Susanna thoughtful and serious.

Night came. The black banners waved from the towers of the castle, the crescent moon shone out from time to time between the rifts in the dark clouds. Everybody slept but the night guards, who paced up and down with heavy steps, and the man with the heart of iron who was leaning his forehead against the bars of his cell.

The door opened and the jailer's wife entered.

"Quick," she said, "the commandant died to-day; escape! I will show you the passage, and a safe guide will lead you over the frontier."

Is he dreaming? he is not on parole; he may escape.

"And whom have I to thank for my freedom?"

"Ask not, but follow me quickly."

"Answer me; has the lady whom you saw here yesterday moved you to help me?" He gave her a penetrating look.

"Ask no questions. Come."

Still he delayed. She gave him his hat and his cloak and a pair of double-barrelled pistols. He took them and looked at the weapons with flashing eyes. They made their way through long dark passages which he could not have followed but for the hand of his guide. At last came the breeze from the woods and the moonlight. His prison lay behind him, and he took long draughts of the fresh pure air. And there stands his guide, a youth wrapped in a large cloak.

"Now, away, my lord! God protect you," whispered Susanna, and vanished amongst the dark bushes.

The wood was silent, the green leaves glittered in the silent moonshine. It was a happy escape.

He followed his guide through the quiet wood. Then he asked, "Are you sure you know the way, my boy?" "Do not be uneasy."

They went quickly forward, hastening to the frontier. "Have we far to go?"

"Only an hour," murmured the guide.

Morning soon rose on the mountain. The green tree tops trembling in the rising sunbeams, the dew lay heavy on the grass, and

they went forth from the wood into the valley, and then again entered the green shadows of the wood, and yet they had not reached the frontier.

Then there was a loud "halt!" Bayonets gleamed, and soldiers were seen among the bushes. The escape had been discovered; the soldiers knew of a shorter way; there was no time for consideration—flight, the speediest flight was the only help. The guide wished to lead the Count rapidly forward, but he stood with his loaded pistols in his hand; he bowed not to his fate; he would not turn from the combat. "No further," he exclaimed boldly.

As the soldiers were about to fall on him, a shot was heard, which was multiplied a hundred times by the echoes, and a man fell to the ground. But the others pressed forward; the officer who led them swung round his sabre, and the faithful guide fell to the mossy ground, cut down by the stroke intended for the Count. The Count fired again, and the officer fell, and now the fugitive must be lost.

A second "halt" resounded, and a troop of horse galloped up. "Halt!"—no one passes the frontier.

For the fugitive had crossed it.

The soldiers withdrew with their two wounded comrades, while the Count bent over his youthful guide, who lay bleeding and insensible upon the grass. And when he looked at him, and the morning light fell on his pale blood-stained face, he recognized the golden hair, the blue true eyes; it was she, his wife, who had given her life for his. He supported her bleeding head; he called her by every endearing name, and the true eyes again opened.

A quarter of a year had passed; the Countess's wound was not mortal and was at last healed. The proud man thanked God for his mercy on his knees, and though his country and his wealth were lost, he had his wife and the golden treasure of her self-sacrificing fidelity.

Another quarter of a year, and the crown prince came to the throne. A universal amnesty was proclaimed, and the Count could return to his house and his possessions. The Count did not forget his liberator; he gave Susanna and her husband a good situation.

And he ever prized the true woman's heart which was of all his riches the inestimable jewel.

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay friend, is this escutcheon'd world,
Which hangs out Death in one eternal night?
A night that glooms us in the noontide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: we gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink, and are what we deplored:
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

THE ELASTICITY OF TIME.

The variations in the length of an hour as judged by sensation are so great and so constantly felt, that every one must be used to considering his own days as composed of an elastic material. It is only in calculating the length of other people's days that this property of time is apt to be forgotten. But the fact, though sufficiently familiar, is one which depends upon such complicated and obscure conditions, and which exercises such a subtly disturbing effect upon people's lives, characters, and works, that it is worth a little investigation. Each individual in course of time acquires an estimate of the average length of one of his own days which is sufficiently accurate for practical purposes. How much this estimate varies according to circumstances, among other things, according to the age of the person, we all know. It is commonly said that time goes faster and faster as we get older, and, as a rough outline of ordinary experience, this is on the whole true. But this progress is not uninterrupted, and is clearly perceptible only at the two ends of life. In childhood, time seems infinitely long, just as the world seems infinitely big; in youth, it begins to be reducible to some sort of measurement, but the irregularity of its pace is probably greater than at any other period. Then comes a sort of table-land, in which such variations as may occur in the length of the years are due chiefly to external causes; and towards the close of life the years begin to slip away with a rapidity which appears to increase to the end. But there are many other causes which affect the apparent length of our days and years. It is well known that sooner or later, in the course of every novel, "a lifetime" will be "compressed into those few moments" in which some startling event takes place. In real life there are many days and hours which appear for similar reasons to assume gigantic proportions, though it is chiefly in looking back that this is felt, for at such moments people do not take account of the flight of time. It is only when they are over, that the ordinary routine of life is discovered to have been broken off but a very little while ago by the clock or the almanac, while to the mind it seems to have retreated into the dimness of the far-away past. In moments of great anxiety or suspense everybody knows how all the clocks seem to have entered into a conspiracy to move only at a snail's pace. Whenever the end of any period is anxiously looked for, there is some degree of suspense, and a corresponding slowness in the apparent movement of time. But when the strain of expectation ceases, time recovers its natural speed, and monotony then serves only to hasten its flight. Prisoners who have been kept for many years in the most monotonous and trying kinds of confinement have agreed in saying that after the first few months they have subsided into a quiescent state, in which the months and years seemed to pass away unheeded and with incredible rapidity. Most people have experienced this with regard to a monotonous succession of quiet, cheerful days, with no exciting event immediately in prospect. At such times any marked period (Sunday, for instance) seems to recur with a frequency which is sometimes absolutely startling. Thus the fact that monotonous days very often look

long in the future, and oppress the mind in passing with a sense of endlessness, appears to be due rather to something depressing and distasteful in the circumstances under which they are spent, than to their monotony in itself.

But the fact is that, in speaking of the apparent length of time, we use the word "long" in several different senses. By calling any particular period long, we may mean that it occupies a large space in our memory or anticipation as compared with other similar periods; or we may mean that a certain time has seemed, or will seem, to pass slowly; or again (which is quite a different thing), that the furthest point of it looks distant. Thus the same period may look long in the future, and short in the past, or *vice versâ;* the apparent size of the future is complicated in every possible way by hope and fear, that of the past by the uncertainties of memory. In looking back upon a monotonous period it may seem as nothing, while yet we may well remember to have felt it almost endless in its tediousness as it passed. The fact that a certain time has seemed long in passing is one which from its very commonness we soon forget, and in looking back the mind is apt to dwell only on the salient points. In looking forward, the necessity of adjusting the mind to the demands likely to be made upon its powers of endurance prevents our passing in this summary manner over the intermediate spaces, and may even tend to magnify the monotonous days which lie before us. Leaving out of account those tricks of hope and fear and forgetfulness, which are too subtle to be reduced to any rule, let us consider what are the conditions which affect, first, our sense of duration in passing through any period; secondly, the space which it occupies in our minds; thirdly, the distance of any point in it.

It is difficult to say by what standard the lapse of time is unconsciously reckoned,—what are the beads upon our mental rosaries by which we measure its duration as it passes through our hands. They consist probably in part of physical sensations, and in some kind of mechanical tendency to the recurrence of certain states or actions at fixed periods. There are people in whose constitutions there is so much of this mechanical regularity, that they can tell as by instinct, without consciously making any kind of calculation, what o'clock it is whenever you ask them. They are popularly said to have been born while the clock was striking, and to naturally unpunctual people this power seems to be a privilege as enviable as it is astonishing. It seems to be clear, from the extraordinary, almost unlimited, expansion and contraction to which, in cases of illness, the sense of duration is liable, that the more ordinary variations in the apparent length of the hours depend in a great measure upon physical causes; and, accordingly, in health, when the only disturbing causes are external, the hours which seem longest are always those which make the greatest demand upon the nervous system. Pain, suspense, and dulness are the circumstances which most certainly exhaust nervous energy and retard the movement of time; and unfamiliar circumstances tend to produce a similar effect. The first week at a strange place seems double the length of any succeeding week, and in walking or travelling through new country, the return seems only half as long as the outward journey. Another thing which makes time pass slowly is thinking about it. The effect of directing the attention upon the rate at which time is passing, may easily be made the subject of direct experiment. In a railway journey, for instance,

there is no surer way to make time pass slowly than to compare one's watch and one's Bradshaw at every station, and calculate exactly how much time must yet elapse before one can reach one's journey's end. As the proverb says, "A watched pot never boils." If on such wearisome occasions one can by any means cheat one's self into taking no notice of the time of day, one is almost sure to be rewarded by finding it unexpectedly late when one's attention is again drawn to the subject. But the standard of comparison by which the speed of time while actually on the wing is most commonly judged, consists of wishes. We say it passes slowly when we mean that it is being spent in a manner in which, if we had our choice, less of it should be spent; it flies when we would fain prolong the particular phase through which we are passing; and this not from an inscrutable perversity in the nature of time, but simply because we measure it against our own ideal arrangements. Partly also perhaps it is because the mental revolt against the unpleasant phases, though not passing into an outward action, is yet sufficient to exhaust nervous energy, and so to affect the physical sense of duration.

The conditions which determine the space occupied in the mind by any given period in the past or future are less obscure. This seems to depend simply upon the amount of thought and feeling which has been compressed into, or which is excited by the anticipation of, that period. There are days which have not seemed to pass slower or quicker than others, in which indeed most likely no notice has been taken of the rate at which time was passing, but which afterwards loom larger than ordinary weeks, and which we feel to be rightly entitled to as much room in our minds as any such week. Indeed it would be difficult to deny that in such days we really have lived longer than in others.

The portion of life allotted to each day is only nominally a fixed quantity, and though we habitually speak of days and years as giving the real measure of time, and of our own experience of its duration as only apparent, this is merely for the convenience of using a common standard, with which indeed nature has kindly provided us. But in this case, as in that of the dead languages, the convenience of a common medium of communication is balanced by the necessity of translation and correction, and by the inaccuracy with which it often represents the speaker's real meaning. In thinking of our own past or future we naturally drop it, and measure time by its contents, not by the number of nights by which it may have been intersected. In this sense it is no bad compliment to the most agreeable of companions to say that the time which has been spent with them seems long; the best company is that in which time flies the fastest while present, and expands the most when past. A curious instance of the reverse is afforded by sleepless nights, which pass perhaps more slowly, and yet contract afterwards into more insignificant dimensions, than any other periods of similar nominal length.

The apparent distance of any particular point of time is the result of an unconscious calculation of these two elements,—namely, the rate of movement of the interval, and the space occupied in the mind by intervening events; and of their combination with a third,—namely, the degree of our sympathy with our self of that date. People often say, "How long ago that seems, and yet it might have been yesterday!" Keenness of memory thus makes the past seem long in one sense and short in another; dis-

tending it with a crowd of recollections, and yet bringing the furthest point of it within easy reach. And the vividness of these recollections depends very much upon the degree in which one's point of view remains unchanged. To keep the past really fresh, one must not only remember its events clearly but be able to enter into the feelings which they excited at the time. It is one of the penalties of frequent and violent changes of mind that they tend to confuse if not to obliterate past experience. Nothing makes any time seem so far away as to have since then passed through great revolutions of feeling, to have adopted a different standard, especially to have lost one's hold on what then seemed real.

It is to this cause that the most sudden and violent expansions of time are due. A day in which the morning seems before night to have been left behind years ago, is a day in which some great change has been made in one's position or state of mind; probably a day in which some great loss has been sustained, which has put a deep chasm between the past and the present. People are more aged by what they lose than by what they gain, or even by what they suffer. The youngest people are not those who have gone through least, but those who have retained most. The loss of sympathy with one's own past, and therefore with that of others, is one of the special dangers of advancing years, but happily experience shows that it is by no means an inevitable accompaniment of age. A firm hold on the past is to a life almost what the root is to a tree; without it, the present, instead of growing on in its place, is cut adrift like a wandering sea-weed. Happily the natural elasticity of time is sufficient, when no links have been snapped by violent means, to bring the past very near to the oldest of us.

THE VENERABLE DE LA SALLE AND HIS WORK.

To France, America owes a debt which her politicians, and even her historians of to-day, seem but too anxious to repudiate. To her we owe our independence, and this is not all. From France came not only Lafayette, whose blood was freely offered on the altar of American Freedom; Bruté, Dubois, Maréchal, David, were likewise the gift of the Home of Honor to the Cradle of Liberty. To France likewise do we owe our Sisters of Charity, our Little Sisters of the Poor, our Ladies of the Sacred Heart, our Sisters of Notre Dame, our Oblates of Mary Immaculate, and last, but who shall say least, our Brothers of the Christian Schools; men whom, as the Duke de Noailles has said, "everybody knows and everybody esteems."

It will not prove uninteresting to study for awhile the history of the founder of the Brothers. All should know something of the originator of the only true common-school system, the deviser of the most approved Normal Schools, the first man who combined within himself the wisdom to see and the energy to cope with the intellectual wants of the middle classes. When we shall have studied his history awhile we will know something of it, and, knowing, in this case will be the

only step required to elicit our esteem.

The life of the Abbe de la Salle should be known, and we join our humble prayer to that of thousands of his children, that the virtues of this true friend of youth once understood, the highest authority on earth—the Chair of Peter—may proclaim these virtues and the man who practiced them as worthy of being revered.

All students of history know the condition of the religious element in France and throughout the rest of Europe in the middle of the seventeenth century. Men's minds were unhinged apparently. Men walked forth into fatal surroundings, unprepared by any antidote to the poison presented them. Providence had already done much for the preservation of the people. The Jesuits had put on their helmet to oppose the license by which the religion of the Cross was confronted. But even these could not do all. Their spirit even did not appear to call upon them to enter the middle classes, and to instruct "the children of the people." Their colleges were indeed open; their sermons attracted thousands; their learning astonished their foes and delighted their friends: still the children of the middle classes were neglected. These, after all, were destined to become "the people," in a country where the rights of the commonalty, becoming more and more understood, the rich became less an element of power than a source of contention. It was at this time that the venerable De la Salle made his appearance. "Convinced that in order to please God it is necessary to be useful to men, the virtuous De la Salle examined in what manner he could discharge his debt upon earth. He soon discovered that one of the greatest services he could render to society would be to ameliorate the morals of the middle classes. . . . . For twenty years he had to struggle against all those obstacles by which interest, ignorance, and bad faith, recompense the man of genius for his services to his fellow-men. Such was the friend of humanity to whom France should, out of gratitude, raise a statue." We could not better introduce our sketch than by giving, as we have done above, in the words of a French academician, the sum and substance of the work of the Abbe de la Salle.

"Among the multitude of great men to whom the seventeenth century gave birth, posterity will doubtless consider as one of the most useful to the church and society, Jean Baptiste de la Salle, founder of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools." He was born at Rheims, on the 30th of April, 1651, his parents being distinguished not only for the nobility of their ancestors, but likewise for the personal piety which distinguished them. We shall not go through the details of his early life nor describe the routine of that early training which prepared De la Salle for his future career. In our day, the general expression is, "What did he do?" we care not for the preparation which he made to do it.

The work which he did, and which no one else to his day felt called upon to do, may be summed up in this short but comprehensive sentence:

Having established the Christian Brothers in 1680–81, he pursued his arduous calling during nearly forty years, teaching during all this time himself, as did the humblest, the youngest of his disciples.

Were we to enter into the details by which these forty years were filled, we would go far beyond our prescribed limits; we would but repeat a series of difficulties surmounted, of trials manfully, heroically endured, of oppositions counteracted, and victory finally

achieved. "Like every new order," says the *Metropolitan*, "this Institute met its difficulties; the holy founder was ridiculed, slandered, and abused. Some Brothers lost heart and forsook the life which they had adopted; others, happier, died in their work of good; but gradually members were formed so completely that the servant of God laid down the superiorship, and directed them to elect one of their own number as superior." Here we have a trait in the character of the Abbe de la Salle, which is worthy of our highest admiration. Evidently to him the work was all, the person performing it nothing. To those unacquainted with the working of religious bodies, this renunciation of authority by the founder might appear inopportune. To those understanding the character of a religious body to be composed entirely of laymen, the wisdom of such a proceeding must appear evident. During his lifetime the founder saw his society in a prosperous condition, and thus established another important matter in the future of his congregation, that it could be managed entirely by its own members—a result dear to his heart. When we say that the Abbe de la Salle saw his Institute in a most flourishing condition, we do not mean that it had assumed any of those massive proportions which it now presents to our admiration. On the contrary, it is evident from his life and writings that he never entertained the faintest idea that his work,—the work of an humble priest, ridiculed by the worldly-minded of all classes,—could spread in so wonderful a manner. We have read somewhere, but cannot recall the authority, that it was once proposed to the holy founder to send some of his disciples on a foreign mission. His humility was so great that he rejected the proposition, saying that his children were not called upon to extend their usefulness beyond the narrow limits of the country in which they had taken origin. What would have been his delight could he have seen two centuries beyond his day! With what transport that humble benefactor of mankind would have listened to those eloquent words which pronounce his children at home distinguished "for acts of devotion, and courage of abnegation, and self-sacrifice," and abroad "one of the most flourishing of all the lay orders in the Roman Church." He might then have said as the priest of old, "Now, O Lord, thou dost dismiss thy servant in peace," &c. He was not allowed to see this on earth; but, better still, he now sees it from his throne in heaven. After a life checkered by the most adverse, the most trying circumstances, the Abbe de la Salle died on Good Friday, the 7th of April, 1719, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. Perhaps in no canonized saint do the circumstances of the death of Him, whose "blood was shed for his own nation," so faithfully foreshadow the death of him whose life was spent for his own nation. Cursed by his own people, our divine Saviour expired with the verdict of his assumed criminality attached to his cross; the venerable De la Salle expired with a sentence of censure still upon his guiltless head. But a few hours after the death of Christ did his executioners strike their breasts, and say truly, This man was a just man. But a few hours had elapsed after the death of the venerable De la Salle, when the very authors of his disgrace exclaimed, "Behold! the saint is dead." "Thus died," says the author of his life, . . . "Jean Baptiste de la Salle, founder of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and the true friend of youth: a man filled with the spirit of God and apostolic zeal, who lived only for the glory of Jesus Christ and

the salvation of his neighbor; a man so valuable to the Church by his own unwearied and useful labors, and by the new Institute with which he enriched it." As a result of his labors we have to-day the Christian Brothers spread throughout the entire world.

A writer in the *Monde* for June 24th, says:

"While the world is talking of education, the Church is occupied in honoring the man who, two centuries ago, was the first in France to labor in the cause of popular schools,—the man who, abandoning his family, his fortune, the dignities which awaited him, and the science in which he delighted, devoted his entire life to the instruction of young children in the catechism and the elementary branches of education. Not content with his own self-devotion, the venerable De la Salle desired to leave behind him thousands of disciples who should inherit his virtues and perpetuate his mission. He called around him the lovers of youth, kindled in their breast the noble fire which glowed in his own, trained them in order that they, in their turn, should be enabled to train others; and thus developed those gallant soldiers of Christ, whose post, at once arduous and obscure, is illumined by no ray of earthly glory. For it is theirs to struggle against that ignorance which they are charged to overcome; against the hatred and prejudices attaching to their cloth; against their own nature even, which shrinks appalled from such devoted sacrifices. To them no human reward is ever offered as a stimulus for wavering resolution; to faith alone must it look as its rallying-point. . . . . During the whole of the eighteenth century, the Institute, founded by the venerable De la Salle, developed itself, as does a vigorous tree springing from a fertile soil, and extended its goodly branches over all the land of France. The schools multiplied, and the number of children, hitherto neglected, who received the blessing of Christian education, increased an hundred-fold."

In every land where education in its true sense is understood, the Brothers are found; Prussia may be an exception for the moment, owing to the intelligent infidelity of her prime minister. Spain may not count any of those friends of youth in her dominion, but Free-masonry has ruled her counsels for years past. Russia we think has none; this is owing probably to the fact that in few other countries have the rights of the middle classes been so poorly cared for, and so little understood.* In every diocese where the spirit of catholicity is cherished, schools under Christian Brothers are sought to be established. It is not to-day nor yesterday that the Christian schools have been or are appreciated. Before the death of the founder, the Brothers were sought for by the most intelligent bishops in France, and when King James sought for educators for his Irish boys, he found no one more qualified than the Abbe de la Salle to fulfil the duties of master to his protégés.

Ireland is not ungrateful, and we learn of late that young men, in great numbers, have been flocking to the standard of those Brothers who, in olden times, did good service to the Irish children, whose love of learning surpassed even their love of home, and whose education was afterwards intrusted to the founder of those very Brothers whose successors they have come to join.

Of the system of education inaugurated by the Abbe de la Salle we need not speak ourselves; authorities, whom no one will call in question, attest its superiority.

* This view is taken apart from the ecclesiastical position of the Church in Russia.

"Their system," says Chambers, "has received the highest testimonies, and they still form one of the most flourishing orders in the Roman Church, numbering, it is said, nearly 3000 members." This was years ago. To-day they must number some 10,000. "Give me," says Lacordaire, "Brothers of the Christian Schools to instruct me," and this he says in the name of the middle classes of France. "The Brothers of the Christian Schools," says Lacordaire on another conference, "give to the poor an education which costs little or nothing, and which is worthy of a child of the country, as a child of God." In Europe and America the Brothers devote themselves, not only to the care of the middle classes, but when required, to the education of the higher classes of children.

From the days of the founders, who certainly understood the spirit of their own order, the Brothers' boarding-schools have been considered among the very best of the continent—some of these containing as many as six hundred scholars. In the United States and Canadas their select schools, colleges, and academies, take the first rank in the practical training given their students, while they are second to none in the thoroughness of higher classical and mathematical instruction where these are undertaken. The *National Quarterly Review*, edited by a Protestant, and supported principally by Protestant patronage, says, in reviewing a work entitled, *The Brothers during the War of* 1870–71: "The good men, whose acts of charity and benevolence during the late Franco-Prussian war, form the subject of this work, are, as most of our readers know, a religious body operating by the sanction and under the auspices of the Catholic Church. Though originally confined to France, it has established branches in various parts of the world, especially in this country. The object to which it is devoted is the noble one of the education of the young. To the prosecution of this purpose the Christian Brothers have consecrated their lives. Their energy and zeal in the discharge of their duties have been amply rewarded, their schools having increased in number in every country in which they have been established. In this country their success has been remarkably great. Commencing with schools of the primary order they have gradually and unostentatiously enlarged their scope until they have not only schools of all grades, but colleges of a high order in New York, Maryland, and Missouri, and even in California.* . . . . The standing of the Brothers in France is best evidenced by the universal respect which they command from the people of all classes, even including the large number who are ever sneering at religion. In 1870, while travelling in France, we were much struck by the marked attention with which they were everywhere treated. Indeed, we were told by many that they were looked upon as benefactors. Their quiet and modest manner, and their steady prosecution of the objects to which they are devoted, have secured them the confidence of the people, while their careful non-interference in the politics of the country has gained the respect and the protection of the government." Even at the risk of touching "moving ground" we will say that one characteristic feature of the Christian Brothers' schools throughout the world is the "liberal" spirit inculcated;—liberal, not in the sense in which the term is often em-

* In this quotation an institution which Philadelphians prize does not appear. That this is not from any lack of appreciation on the part of the impartial editor of the "National Quarterly" is demonstrated by the article in the current number on the same subject, in which the La Salle College of this city is paid a high and deserved compliment.—ED.

ployed, but free from this "head-proud" character so often to be found in the teachers and students of our higher schools; liberal in the spirit of St. Francis de Sales, who tells us to look at the one good side of a neighbor's character, though apparently there be ninety-eight calling for our criticism; liberal in the spirit of Lacordaire, who tells us that till the Church has spoken to condemn we must still cherish the seemingly wayward brother in the warmest recesses of our heart; liberal in the spirit of Faber, who tells us that of all cheap things criticism and faultfinding are the cheapest; liberal in all things where the Church has not spoken, and where consequently men have no right to dictate. Louis Venillot, in speaking of his early training, says: "Sharing the portion of the poor in that which is their greatest poverty, I had not the happiness to be sent to the schools of the Brothers." Great as Venillot is, we venture to say that had he been educated by those teachers he would have learned to dip his pen into the ink-well of moderation, and would thus have escaped that mild censure which even the Holy Father has deemed it proper to pronounce on those who appear to hate heartily not only error, but even slightly those who are in error. This would have been to him what it would be to more than one of our own expounders of Catholic opinion, a part of their education not yet acquired, and which they must yet acquire if they are to do the good which the same Sovereign Pontiff has expressly declared to be their mission as directors of the Catholic press.

It has often been asserted that the Christian Brothers' pupils learn too many prayers. Truly those who pronounce such an indictment could take some other way to prove their stupidity, for we think no man has yet learned to pray too well. Christ tells us to pray always, to watch and pray, to knock and it shall be opened; in a hundred places is this lesson of prayer brought to our attention in "the book of books." In that small collection of the instructions of our divine Saviour, the New Testament, more prominence is given to the subject of prayer than to any other. Are not Christian teachers, then, held by the very force of their name to devote most attention to that which Christ himself declares most worthy of being learned? He never taught the disciples, the apostles, how to preach, how to defend their doctrines; but, let us mark it well, there is one lesson, and only one, which he taught them as a lesson, and that lesson was "how to pray."

Away, then, with this sophistry which would turn our school-rooms, our colleges, our academies, into so many schools for the training of Stoic philosophers. Yes, the Brothers teach their scholars how to pray; the first lesson taught by a Christian Brother in the morning, the last taught in the evening, is a lesson "how to pray." We would also venture to assert that many of our readers have even been under the hallucination that there was some truth in the assertion that in the Christian schools there is too much praying. Did prayer even interfere with the studies of the school it would be no reason for its omission; we would ask, moreover, from whom are we to receive light and wisdom, intelligence and perseverance? Is it not from Him whom we are told to address as "our Father who art in heaven?" Can we have too much light, too much wisdom, too much intelligence, too much perseverance? Undoubtedly not. Then, as a natural consequence, we cannot ask too often, nor too well, for that of which we can never have a sufficiency. When we add to the above considerations

the fact that this praying "in season and *out of season*" not only does not interfere with the studies of the Christian Brothers' scholars, but that they invariably carry off the highest prizes, the greatest number of laurels at every contest in which they have been brought into competition with the scholars of other schools of a similar grade, we have said enough to destroy forever any assumption which those lovers of godless schools, those men who wish to set up the god of Reason in the room of the Father of Light, might have seen fit to make, with as little foundation in logic, as the foundation on which these assumptions are made, contain in fact.

Is it any wonder then that from all parts of the world, by a species of mental electricity, the entire Church would seem to have given over to the Christian Brothers the education of the masses? Is it any wonder that throughout the entire Church the wish is universally expressed that the man who has been instrumental in preparing millions of children to approach the altar should find a niche in these same altars? Nor need we wonder that at last France, which has received the greatest portion of the services of the Christian Brothers, should now propose to erect a statue to their founder. It is not to be wondered at. For our part, rejoicing in the fact that the suggestion of the French academician is at length being acted upon, we would propose that as a single sentence containing in itself the sum of all that can and should be said of the venerable De la Salle, the following inscription be placed at the base of the monument:

OF TWO WORLDS
THE CHILDREN OF THE PEOPLE HONOR
THE TRUE FRIEND OF YOUTH.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

Ye call me a cruel reaper,
And say that I love to mow
The fairest and sweetest blossoms,
And lay their young beauty low;
But, oh! if ye knew the heartaches
That all who live long must know,
Ye would hail me a pitying angel,
Your best friend, and not your foe.
Ah, yes! I'm a pitying angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
And whene'er I see a smile too bright,
And a heart too innocent,
Too tender and warm for your world of ice,
I waft them away into Paradise.

Mine aspect is pale and chilling;
Cold, cold is my marble kiss;
But it seals the awful passport
To a world of eternal bliss.
Oh! if ye but knew, ye mothers,
The misery my stroke may spare
Your babes, I should be the watchword
Of hope, and not of despair!
Ah, yes! I'm a pitying angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
And whene'er I see a smile too bright,
And a heart too innocent,
Too tender and warm for this world of ice,
I waft them away into Paradise.

O'er a bud of the Bordighiera,*
A sweet little maid I passed,
Going, after long years of school-life,
To her palmy home at last.
When all round were weeping and wailing,
I said to myself, and smiled:
She'll have holidays in Heaven,
'Mid the immortal palms, sweet child!
Ah, yes! I'm a pitying angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
And whene'er I see a smile too bright,
And a heart too innocent,
Too tender and warm for this world of ice,
I waft them away into Paradise.

On a delicate orphan flower,
With cold prospects, but heart of fire,
I breathed in an east wind, and bore him
Away to his heavenly Sire;
While his mother was sobbing in anguish,
I thought she should weep with joy!
For 'tis God himself hath provided
For her poor, dear, fatherless boy!
Aye! to hearts like his I'm an angel of light,
On a mission of mercy sent;
He hath bidden a stormy world good-night,
And now sleepeth in sweet content.
What has *he* to do with a world of ice?
Whose climate and home are in Paradise!

E. D.

* The Bordighiera is a beautiful spot, celebrated for its palm trees, in the Rivière de Gênes.

ALONE IN THE WORLD; OR, THE CROSS BEFORE THE CROWN.

Chapter XXI.

ST. JULIEN'S.

The wind rose in sharp, sudden gusts, and large hail drops fell upon the skylight of the cabin. Every one, save Kathleen, was seized with sea-sickness, and few so bad as the unfortunate Ella.

Oh! how wearily crept on those sad hours; how often did she note the hands of her watch, as they crept lazily on; how fearfully did she ever and anon gaze upon that cold face, always pale, but preternaturally pallid now; how did she tremble, lest there, in that berth, at sea, amidst strangers, the tried spirit should pass away.

At length the vessel got into harbor. It was near midnight, and, though the rain had ceased, it was a dark and windy night.

Unfortunate, afflicted Ella! Kathleen's eyes swam with tears as, after all the busy throng had left the cabin, she raised the trembling form from the berth, dressed her, and led her up the steep stairs on to the deck.

We all know what a scene of confusion the moment of departure from a vessel presents. The deck was wet and slippery, ropes were lying in the way, and, with great difficulty at last, Kathleen drew her through the crowd of people, amidst the jargon of Flemish and bad French spoken by the crowd, that even at that late hour had flocked to the steamer.

Wisely had she delayed to bring the afflicted one on deck till the greater number of the passengers had passed out. But, alas, there was no vehicle left, and she was fain to accept the services of a young Fleming, to conduct her to the English hotel.

Oh! how her heart ached as the wind blew and the rain fell, and Ella ill and feeble, leaned, panting heavily, on her arm. But hark! There is a friendly voice, and the stranger priest, who was wending his way in the same direction, exclaimed—

"I wish I had had the pleasure of seeing you before you left the steamer, I would have procured a conveyance for you. This is a sad night for you to be abroad, especially so for that poor lady; but I am thankful to say you are close to a place of shelter now. Early to-morrow you can proceed to St. Julien's, and, on my return from Brussels, I shall call there myself, to make inquiries about one in whom I feel so interested."

At this moment they stopped at the hotel, and, bowing her acknowledgments to the priest, she led her unfortunate charge forwards and asked for tea and a comfortable bedroom.

Excitement, fatigue, and the deepest sorrow, kept Kathleen long awake, and her tears fell fast as she gazed on the thin, pallid face of her unfortunate friend. At last she fell asleep, and did not awake till nearly nine o'clock in the morning. Doubtless worn out by the unwonted fatigue and illness of the previous day, Ella seemed resolved to remain in bed, nor could all Kathleen's persuasions induce her to allow herself to be dressed; so that she began to reproach herself with temerity in bringing her thither by herself. But suddenly, as was not unusually the case, Ella again became passive,

and, making her preparations as expeditiously as possible, she succeeded in reaching the railway station in time.

On they passed through the flat country extending between Ostend and Bruges, Ella perfectly still, Kathleen sorrowful enough, just now and then saying a few words to her unhappy friend, and in about half an hour they reached the hospice.

No massive building, hemmed in by high brick walls, met Kathleen's timid gaze, for, as the coach rattled over the rough, uneven stones, she had looked anxiously from the window, but a somewhat low, long white building, an unpretending door, opening direct from the street, and long, narrow windows, with green venetian blinds and lace curtains, as in any private dwelling.

Poor, unconscious Ella was led in by Kathleen; a heavy load was on the heart of the latter. No *hired* attendant came forward to meet the unfortunate lady, but those who, from the most sublime motives, have taken upon themselves this arduous task,—the care of the insane.

Was there any alleviation to her afflicted son, it was in the knowledge that good and holy women would be around her; the heavy trial was even then bitter enough, what it would have been had she been consigned to any public asylum, I will not undertake to say. Passive still was she, and this very passiveness was an infinite pain to her friend, for it showed her how very bad she had become. She even suffered a nun, with a kind, pleasant face, to lead her away, nor did she ask for Kathleen that or the next day either, though when the latter went to see her, the thin, white face lighted up, and she called this friend by a term of endearment, saying—

"Ah! my love, you have left me a long time; where have you been?"

And then Kathleen, wishful to see some portion of this well-known institution, was taken over a part of the building. With her own eyes she beheld the commodious chamber in which Ella was to sleep, fitted up with two beds, one for herself, and one for the nun who was to take care of her. She saw that the room possessed everything that could make it comfortable, for it was of large dimensions, clean and airy, and that the draperies of the beds were of a snowy white.

Striving to assume a lightheartedness she was far from feeling, Kathleen paid Ella one visit more. It was evening. She was at supper, seated at a long table, and a strange sensation came over Kathleen, as, standing behind poor Ella's chair, she scanned the countenances of those few helpless ones who were seated near her. There was one with untasted food before her, resting her face upon her hand, so sad that it would make your heart ache to look at it; she was melancholy mad, she had lost her wits for love, so said the sister Monica. There were others quiet and reserved, indeed, there were none of the violent cases there, but, oh, what a sad assemblage! for, sure of all the calamities which Heaven can send this is the heaviest, not only to the hapless victims themselves, but to their relatives and friends, for there is no agony keener than that of putting away those who are very dear to us.

Yes; some more terribly afflicted, some less, but in all there was the same terrible malady. One lady talked much of literature with Kathleen, had the names of certain celebrities and their works at her fingers' ends, and spoke of her own attempts at composition, and more than an hour elapsed ere Kathleen knew that she was herself insane. With her it had been extreme en-

thusiasm as to religious matters. In one and all, some dread cause, some misfortune or sorrow, or stimulating drugs, at first given to lull pain, or hereditary predisposition, all tending the same way.

And so Kathleen stood *behind* Ella's chair that she might not see her tears, as again and again she kissed the pallid face of her best and earliest friend, bade her farewell "for a little while, only;" these were her last words.

A *long* farewell, for they two shall never meet again till the blast of God's trumpet at the last day shall call the souls of all mankind to judgment.

Chapter XXII.

GOOD-BYE.

"I owe you far more than I can ever repay, dear Miss Fitz Maurice," and young Darvil clasped Kathleen's hand warmly within his own, as he spoke. "How much have you endured to save the feelings of a son, had it been possible that alone, I could have conducted my dear mother to St. Julien's."

"I am happy to have been of use," replied Kathleen; "you have taken the best and only step to be pursued. I was much pleased with all the arrangements of the establishment, and I do believe that in cases where there is a hope of cure, it may far more readily be brought about by Religious. There is a chapel attached to the hospice, which contains six hundred of these unfortunates, many of whom are English Catholics; they are brought immediately under the benign influence of religion, which must certainly have a beneficial effect."

"Is there a hope that my dear mother may recover?"

"It is not probable. She is too far advanced in life;" was the reply.

Darvil sighed heavily; then he added, "And *your* parting is to take place to-night, or rather *our* parting with Mary, as my engagement with her is sanctioned by yourself; how earnestly I wish, dear Mary, you could have been turned from making this intended journey. However, I venture to entertain the hope that it will not be very long before fortune will smile on me, and enable me to write you, dear Mary, to return to Dublin. If energy and perseverance, and industry combined, have anything to do with a prosperous fortune, then shall I succeed, for I am no proud boaster in declaring I possess all those gifts. So, cheer up, dearest Mary, and remember that neither Miss Fitz Maurice nor myself have advocated this step."

"Nevertheless, it is the *best* step under existing circumstances," said Mary "*I* have youth on my side, Edward," she added, and her eyes filled with tears, as she glanced significantly at the faded countenance of the relative who, in her own earlier and brighter days, had stood so courageously between herself and her helpless orphaned infancy. "After all," she added, "a short time and the Western wilderness is fairly reached; a little longer, you know, and I shall have the happiness of sending my little earnings across the wide Atlantic, and then look forward a little longer *still*, and some happy morning there will be bright news from the old country, and the exile will be summoned back again, and we shall form together the very happiest family that ever lived, and—" but here Mary's assumed gayety failed her, and to hide her emotion she hurried from the room.

"Dear Miss Fitz Maurice, I am sorry Mary has resolved on taking this step," said Edward; "is it too late—can she not yet be prevailed on to change her mind?"

"Ah, no, Mr. Darvil; let her go from us, as *she* wishes it; she is one of the purest and best of God's

creatures. A sad presentiment is on my mind that, on this earth, my darling and I will never meet again, but I will say *fiat* to my Father's will with a calm and resigned mind. I could not coerce. I *have* persuaded her from flying to literature. To what avail would she have done so? Where was the money to push on her efforts? Where the means to advertise, to plaster the walls of this city and those of the great metropolis with the name of her new work, as do the fortunate writers who already possess the wealth of the world? Oh! believe me, you know it yourself, you know the truth of my words; better far my Mary should find a temporary home in the Bush than have her heart wrung and her spirits droop under useless efforts. Come, cheer up, my friend," she added, rising and placing her hand on the young man's shoulder, "fortune, or, rather, Providence (for I do not like those words, *chance* and *fortune*) will put something good in your way, and—well, you know I have promised *then* to yield up my Mary to your *own* care."

"Time is drawing on, mavourneen," said Mary, clasping Kathleen's hands within her own; and now the impulsive Irish girl gave free vent to the anguish she had hitherto restrained, for, burying her face on her aunt's neck, she sobbed aloud.

Ah! these farewells; how do they not wring our very hearts, as ever and anon throughout the lives of all, death and separation tear us from those we love. Oh! bright day of eternity, thou, at least, wilt dry our tears and unite us to the objects that we love!

"Farewell, farewell! Heaven bless you, my best of friends, my more than mother." How long did these words ring in the ears of the desolate Kathleen.

"And God's blessing rest upon you, my darling Mary, and may He grant that we may meet again, love, never to part till death shall separate us," she said. And those words shall never be forgotten; on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, in the new home in the Far West, alone, or with others, by night and by day, often were they pondered over in the heart of Mary.

Then, not daring to look at Kathleen after this last embrace, the poor girl hurried from the house, under the protection of Darvil.

Silent, motionless as a statue, Kathleen remained for some time in the position in which Mary had left her. At length she held out her arms, as though in the act of again clasping her to her heart, and then she gave utterance to a low moan of indescribable anguish. Suddenly the chamber was flooded with the bright rays of a glorious sunset, and lighted up, in the further corner of the room, a piece of tapestry work, made by Mary some years since, representing a cross, with these words, "By this sign thou shalt conquer."

"My poor child! My darling! I shall never see her more. Oh, Mary, my heart's treasure, how hard is this parting!" said the desolate mourner, remembering the day on which, with girlish affection, she had made her this little present. "Ah, and it was on this day, too, this very day, this *Finding of the Cross* she gave it me," she said, and for a time she wept those bitter tears shed only by those whose hearts are wrung by a terrible sorrow.

Then she knelt her down before the holy sign, and a few moments passed in quiet meditation soothed the wildness of her grief. And then, rising, she drew forth a pen and ink, and, at first scarcely conscious of what she was doing, she sketched off the following lines:

In this my hour of darkest desolation,
With spirit wrung, and heart and mind opprest,
O Lord, I hail this symbol of salvation,
Beseeching Thee to give us peace and rest.

My life seems tinged with more than mortal sorrow,
My light, my joy, my hope, they all have fled;
Oh, teach me, Lord, from Thine own cross to borrow
That strength I need, its thorny path to tread.

By all Thy suffering, when Thou didst languish
In agony on that relentless wood,
I pray Thee, soothe me in these hours of anguish,
For, lo, I stand beneath Thy holy rood.

Perchance I've too well loved what Thou hast given,
Forgetting Thee, in treasuring earthly love,
And Thou, in mercy, from me may'st have riven
That which kept back my soul from things above.

Ah! though this dread presage of coming sorrow
Oppress my soul with grief ne'er felt before,
Ah! is there not a never-ending morrow,
Of gladness—rest, unbroken evermore?

The pale rays of the moon had lighted up the little chamber ere the pen had fallen from the hand of the suffering woman, the sight of the cross had suggested those simple words, and as she slowly traced the lines, holy thoughts and feelings had filled her sorrowing heart; she had verily stood by the Cross of Calvary, and had become resigned and tranquil, and unconsciously she rested her head upon her hand and sank into a quiet sleep, broken some two hours later by the entrance of a young girl, who, for the present, was to attend on Kathleen.

Chapter XXIII.

ST. JOSEPH'S ASYLUM.

"I REALLY think our good friend, Father Vincent, is right, and that, suffering as you are, no remittance from Canada, and your small funds quite exhausted, you had best take the offer so kindly made by the managing committee, and enter St. Joseph's without further delay."

These words were spoken by the President of one of Catholic Ireland's noblest charities, that of St. Joseph's Asylum, the only one, we believe, throughout the United Kingdom for the maintenance, not of her who has fallen, but of the chaste and virtuous woman, who, alone and unaided, has fought the battle of life, has pillowed on her faithful breast the head of the aged parent, has cradled in her arms the helpless brother or sister in their days of infancy or childhood, has taken to her gentle care the orphan niece or nephew, and when, soon after, the old head is laid low, the young ones have taken to themselves new ties, or, perchance, have been cut off in their prime, the eyes of the valiant woman grow dim, her strength, with years of anxious care, has begun to fail, people look coldly at her, and say, "No, you are too old," when she seeks to be employed; or, if devoted to the fine arts, new applicants for public favor have sprung up, and old patrons have passed to the better world; and, dejected and helpless in the autumn of her years, where shall the lonely woman turn for help? She who, regardless of herself, has so nobly helped others! shall *she* be left to starve?

To the honor of Ireland, her sons and daughters were the first to hold out a helping hand to this large class of suffering humanity. How long will England and Scotland be without such an institution, and who among the women-kind of either land more worthy of support?

But let us return.

The speaker of the few words we have quoted, a man well advanced in years, seemed willing to await in patient silence the assent of the hapless lady to whom he addressed them, and once or twice he looked significantly at the priest, who sat near the couch on which she reclined.

It was evident a great struggle was going on in her mind. She had not at all, you see, counted on such an end to her well-spent, toiling life. Not that she was too proud to accept the aids of charity, if God willed her to be so very

poor; not that she did not, to the full, appreciate the well-meant kindness of her friends, who overlooked many cases, and some of persons more advanced in life, in her behalf, but because it was so very terrible to her to know that all her efforts had been fruitless; that she had turned all her life from one employment to another, too constant to yield till failure was apparent, too energetic not to make new efforts, and, till very lately, encouraging the hope that prosperous days might still be hers.

The eyes of the unhappy lady were cast down, and her thin hands clasped on her lap, and her kind friends saw the big tears fall one after another, but still she spoke no word.

She was communing with herself, perhaps in prayer, for they heard the words, "My God," fall from her lips, and then came forth a cry of bitter anguish—"Mary, Mary, where are you, my Mary—my faithful Mary, what has befallen you?" Then she paused, extended one of those wasted hands to each, and said in a low voice, broken by her tears—

"I thank you both very much, my kind friends, and gratefully accept the offer of the committee."

"My dear Miss Fitz Maurice," said the priest, "endeavor to keep up your spirits; all may be well yet. There is some good cause for Mary's silence. She is too fond of you, to leave you in this suspense willingly. Doubtless her letters have miscarried. Meanwhile, I am very glad you are wise enough to accept the kind offer of the Committee of St. Joseph's. Cheer up, you will see Mary again before long."

"Never more! never more!" was the reply, and Kathleen sank back insensible.

When she recovered, she found herself in a strange room, from its excessive simplicity resembling the infirmary of some religious community; beside her bed, which was beautifully clean and neat, sat a medical gentleman. He had been feeling her pulse, and the words, "I think she will do now," told Kathleen she had been very ill. A kindly-looking lady stood at the foot of the bed, receiving the directions of the physician, and a feeling of intense gratitude arose in her heart in lieu of the terror with which she had previously regarded the change in her position, at the contrast presented by the clean, well-ordered apartment and her kind attendants, to the loneliness and misery she had fallen into some three months after Mary's departure, when her fitful employment wholly ceasing on account of her state of health, one after another, every article she possessed, every treasured relic of the past, was one by one disposed of, till she became utterly destitute.

Then she found that her kind friends had had her removed whilst in a state of insensibility, in which she had remained for some time; that later she had become delirious, but that much careful nursing and watching had saved her life.

"And now you must reward our care," said the lady with the kind face, which had won for her poor Kathleen's heart, "by being perfectly still, and trying to get a little refreshing sleep. Keep up your spirits, and you will soon, I trust, be able to leave the infirmary."

"Have any letters arrived for me during my illness?"

"None; but I have already said you must keep your mind at ease, or you will become ill again. We have reliable information that a vessel, bound for Liverpool from Canada, was lately wrecked, and some of the crew lost. Most probably that vessel contained the letter you so desired to receive. Another mail will shortly be due; but put all anxiety out of your mind for the present."

Then the worthy matron, accompanied by the medical attendant, left the room, and Kathleen, yielding insensibly to the influence of the medicine which had been administered, was soon buried in a profound sleep.

Chapter XXIV.

THE HOUSE AT ASHLEIGH THORPE.

Towards the close of a sultry day in the month of June, an English priest might be seen sauntering leisurely through the quiet streets of the quaint old town of Bruges. For the first time in his life (he was very young) he had visited the principal towns of the Netherlands. In Antwerp and Brussels he had lingered for several weeks, and on the day to which we allude had left Ghent, intending to spend some two or three days in Bruges, in the house of a Flemish ecclesiastic, and then return to London by way of Ostend.

In the shady solitude of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, examining its old monuments, he had long lingered, and had visited some of the other principal churches, and as the musically-sounding chimes of the tower in the Grande Place told the hour of four, he betook himself towards the Bishop's Seminary, in quest of his friend.

Wearied somewhat with a long ramble since his arrival some hours previous at the station, he was sauntering leisurely along, when near the Quai des Augustine, who should he encounter but the friend of whom he was in quest, in company with an ecclesiastic, clad in the picturesque garb of a Belgian priest.

"Accompany me to St. Julien's," said the latter; "the distance is not much further than if you leave me and go back with Canon Van der Weyer to the Seminary. I will make you very welcome, and will show you over the Asylum, with which I am connected."

The English priest yielded his assent, and crossing the Grande Place, and turning down Stein Street, he found himself again near the railway station.

"Now, may I ask, whither are you conducting me?" he said, with a smile, when, after having emerged from a covered archway, he found himself in a street in which there was nothing to attract the observation of a stranger, and which seemed to be inhabited merely by the poorer class of people.

"I will tell you in a few moments," said his friend. And on their pausing before the entrance of a long low building, as his hand rested on the handle of the bell, the stranger priest said—

"This is St. Julien's, an Asylum for the Cure of the Insane."

Canon Van der Weyer observed that the English priest changed color and involuntarily started as those words fell upon his ear; then recovering himself quickly he remarked, in French—

"It is well: I will enter; though I have a terrible fear of anything connected with that most awful calamity. Truly, though, there is nothing very sombre in the outward appointments of the place," he added, as his eyes fell on the white walls, open French windows, and green blinds of the building. "However, of course, there is the sad and terrible in the background."

"Monsieur," said the Belgian priest, in a low soft voice, "our sisterhood—for to female Religious are confided the care of these afflicted ones—seek by many soothing ways to rule their refractory inmates. Through love they seek to soothe, when they are not happy enough to be able to cure. Of course restraint must be used, especially to the more violent of our eight hundred inmates, but we have no brutal keepers, who break the ribs of hapless maniacs by kicking

them, as has been proved to be the custom in one of your largest English asylums; but enter fearlessly, and if the dread you entertain is not too strong, I shall be happy to show you over some portion of the place."

Canon Van der Weyer and the English father then followed the Belgian priest, and leading them down a long corridor, out of which divers apartments opened, he admitted the friends into a large room in which covers were laid for two persons, thus showing that himself and his friend were expected; by his direction a third was now added, and the Englishman speedily found himself hospitably entertained.

The conversation at first turned on general subjects, then, after a pause, the host remarked—

"You have a terrible fear of this malady: I ought to apologize for not having informed you of the nature of this asylum."

"C'est vrai," replied the Englishman, "an *appalling* fear, which I cannot shake off. Nevertheless, Monsieur Le Chanoine," he added, turning to his friend, "I shall beg of you to induce our host to take me through each portion of the building in which there may be nothing very terrible to distress my mind. I have heard this place spoken of before, but had forgotten the name."

"When will your proud England learn," said the Belgian, "that Religious are the *only* fit persons to take charge of the insane? Here they are mostly all gentlewomen, who do it for the love of God. Look at your county asylums. Mon Dieu! it makes me shudder to think of poor ladies and gentlemen, shut up in those places and dressed like paupers, because they have not good means to pay those medical gentlemen who hold these private asylums."

"I trust it will not be long," replied the Englishman, "before our countrymen will open their eyes to the fact of this crying evil. Many thousands of unfortunate people, for it is too true that this terrible malady is on the increase, are cooped up in these places, subjected to the tyranny of low-born paid officials, to their brutal usage; and, unfortunately, no discrimination can be made as to the previous social position the patients have occupied, so that the lady or gentleman, whose family are too depressed to pay the sums required by the keepers of these private asylums, are not unfrequently the companions of the very refuse of society, whose naturally rough, uncultivated bearing is sure to be made worse by the loss of reason; and God help the hapless ones, more gently born, if their aberration of intellect be only partial, for at times, when it is somewhat unclouded, their suffering must be extreme—the *enforced* wearing of the pauper's garb is alone sufficient to excite them. We are a very obstinate nation," he added, smiling, "John Bull is a very pig-headed animal. Where is the sense of taking away a patient's clothing when their friends have provided it, and *making* them wear the dress of the parish? A celebrated mad doctor once told me that this change *alone* excites the respectable patient, not unfrequently, to a state of absolute frenzy."

"And small wonder," replied the host; "but I will lead the way, if you will follow. I shall only take you, however, over a small portion of the building this evening."

Everything in the dormitories of *the poor*, I abjure our English word *pauper*, was as scrupulously neat as in the other parts of the establishment devoted to the use of such as could pay *according* to their means; for it must be a rare case indeed, in which the charity of the Religious who direct this Retreat fails to meet the requirements of

the cases brought before them. The counterpanes and draperies of the beds of *the poor*, were as white as the others; the dormitories well ventilated and large, and in the garden appropriated to their sole use, they might be observed rambling about in twos or threes, or alone, as each one liked best, clad in such garb as their friends provided, or if *too poor*, in one supplied by the Institution.

Then, looking down from a window in an upper corridor, he beheld a garden for the use of a superior class of patients, gently born, whose friends could only pay a sum which the keepers of our English lunatic asylums would reject with a thrill of virtuous indignation, and who had some of them a bedroom divided with one other, or with some good nun, who for the love of God had embraced this trying life; and such as these either took their meals in common, or separate, according to their funds. And here, too, were English and French, Flemish and Irish nuns, alike engaged in the same work, under the direction of the philanthropic mind whom God had called to so arduous a mission.

And now they stood in a small but exquisitely neat apartment, looking out upon a pleasant garden, with nothing in the room to denote that its inmate was deranged, for there stood in one corner a small piccolo piano, a few English books of light literature, and thickly around the walls were several paintings all *unfinished*, and this was the first thing which attracted the attention of the Englishman, and the surprise expressed on his countenance was not overlooked by his host, who observed—

"This is the private room of a poor lady, whose son is intimately known to my friend le Chanoine," and he bowed politely to Canon Van de Weyer. "These unfinished drawings and paintings are all alike the productions of her brush and her pencil. She is *quite* insane, poor lady, and to please her we always place her pictures on the walls of her room."

An inexplicable feeling led the English priest to make the round of the apartment. He was a sort of a *connoisseur* in painting, and he lingered for awhile with a half painful feeling before each sketch portrayed by the hand of this mad artist, when suddenly a loud exclamation burst from his lips, his face grew deadly pale, he stood riveted to the spot, and would have fallen had he not clutched the arm of his friend for support.

The Flemish priests exchanged a look of surprise, perhaps of fear, lest the Englishman had himself become demented, for there was nothing they could see in the representation of an English manor hall, with the words "Ashleigh Thorpe Manor House," written beneath, in a delicate female hand, to cause such consternation.

But the power of speech returned, and words of inquiry fell thick and fast on the ears of the astonished listeners.

To one only could the host, in the first instance, reply—

"The lady's name was Darvil."

"That picture represents my birthplace. There is some strange mystery to be cleared up. You say this lady has a son?"

"Yes; quite a scholar, as well as an artist. He is very poor, but his love for his mother is unbounded; he denies himself common necessaries, so that this poor lady shall gratify her tastes and have this room for her own especial use. She will not trouble him long: she is very near her end."

"Great Heavens! Am I too late?"

"Is it possible that you are acquainted with our poor patient, Monsieur?"

The question was not replied to, for the priest nervously grasped a

small miniature painting of a woman some thirty years of age; it was the companion portrait of one of Ella herself, and had been taken just before the marriage of Louisa Graham with Squire Forrester.

"I hold in my hand the portrait of my mother, taken when she was about thirty-two years of age; another copy is still at Ashleigh Thorpe. I have now the clue to the unravelling of a terrible mystery which wrecked the happiness of my family for many years; but I feel as if the discovery were too much for me; I shall recover in a few moments;" and, as he spoke, the English priest (Herbert Forrester) sank upon a chair, and covering his face with his hands, appeared as if he was gaining strength to proceed.

At length he continued—

"I consider that, by a direct interposition of Providence, my steps have been guided hither this day. I feel convinced that the Mrs. Darvil, whose productions lie before me here," and he pointed to the miniature and the manor house, "is no other than my unhappy aunt, Ella Graham, and that she may be the same insane person who, in the guardianship of a lady, was being brought to Ostend in the steamer in which I came from London some months since. Shortly after the birth of my elder brother, my aunt Ella, whose intellects had been deranged by an early disappointment, suddenly left my father's house, taking with her, surreptitiously, the infant, scarce a year old; and from that sad day neither Ella or the child have ever been heard of, nor anything of her after that most mysterious disappearance. But this young man whom you call her son —a startling fear takes possession of me—is he indeed *her* son? I must see him, or correspond with him before the night closes in. Is he in England? I beg of you at once to supply me with his address."

"My dear Herbert, try and be a little calmer. How little I thought when we knocked up an acquaintance last year, in Paris, that I should have any hand in clearing up a family romance. Listen to me: I can take you straight to the one room in which Edward Darvil (for by that name alone I know him) lives. He rents a room in a house in the Quai des Augustines, and has latterly picked up a living, partly between painting and in making translations, copying manuscripts, and any other work that may fall in his way. But how do you purpose to prosecute your inquiries? This acquaintance of mine certainly considers himself Mrs. Darvil's son. Again, the lady is known as *Mrs.* Darvil, not as Miss Graham."

"Well, you know, in the lapse of years, the lady may have married."

"That does not alter Monsieur's view of the case," said the other Belgian priest, in answer to the Canon's observation; "but remember, also, that people who are deranged are uncommonly cunning. Here was a baby stolen from its parents; would she not have been artful enough to change her name to avoid detection? May I ask what was the fancied reason for stealing the child? Was it done out of revenge?"

"Quite the contrary. My unhappy aunt was extravagantly fond of the baby. I doubt if, in her strange hallucinations, she did not believe the child her own."

"Well, my friend, time presses," said the Canon, looking at his watch; "if you wish to sleep quietly to-night, I think we had best go in search of Darvil at once."

"Farewell, then, for the present," said Herbert, shaking hands with his host, "I shall visit you again in two days, and shall hope then to see the poor lady, who I have no doubt is my own unfortunate relative."

The two scarcely spoke, as, with rapid steps, they wended their way to the abode of Walter (for we will now call him by his real name).

The sun was just setting, and its golden light played on the waters which flowed between the houses on either side of the Quay, and lighted up the tall dwellings with their spotlessly clean windows and white curtains.

"That is the house," said the Canon, pointing to one of those across the Quay, the lower portion of which was, with many others, allotted to the carrying on of some light business, "and, if I do not mistake, there is Darvil himself sitting at the open window."

Herbert could not reply. He placed his hand on his heart; a choking sensation seized his throat, at the thought that the long-lost brother was at last found.

The two priests now stand before the open portal, and together they ascend three long flights of stairs. The Canon led the way, and, with the familiarity of a friend, exclaimed, on opening the door on the top flight—

"Ah! Darvil, are you enjoying a breath of air this hot evening? I am glad you are at home, for I have brought an English friend of mine to see you."

Walter rose, and pushing back a mass of rich hair from his temples, courteously welcomed the stranger, adding: "My friend, the Canon Van der Weyer, has troubled you to come a long way up to see a poor artist in the garret, which is the only dwelling fortune so often assigns to 'his class.'"

At that moment a flood of golden light streamed into the room, and Herbert gazed upon features which were the very counterpart of those of his deceased father. The likeness struck him so forcibly that he could not for a moment venture to speak. At length he said, in a cool, deliberate tone of voice—

"A reason of my own has brought me hither, Mr.— Mr.—"

"Darvil," interrupted the Canon.

"Darvil, yes, Mr. Darvil; I forgot the name. You have a mother at St. Julien's? Forgive my apparent rudeness, but can you tell me what was her maiden name?"

"Her name was Graham," said Walter, with an air of extreme wonder at the stranger's words. "May I inquire why you ask such an odd question?"

Instead of replying, the priest drew forth the miniature and the painting which he had brought from St. Julien's, and said, holding the former forwards—

"Have you ever seen this miniature before? Do not heed the seeming rudeness of my questions, but, by all you hold most sacred, answer me."

There was something in the solemnity of the priest's manner which impressed Walter, he knew not why, and he replied:

"Yes, certainly; I have seen my poor mother shed tears over that miniature. She told me it was the likeness of a very dear friend."

"It is the miniature of *her* sister and *my* mother, therefore are we relations," said the priest; "but now, once more," he added, "look at this painting," and he exhibited the picture of Ashleigh Thorpe; "and at this," and from beneath his vest he drew forth a miniature of his father, taken when the latter was about the age of Walter.

The latter started, in spite of his assumed calmness; it seemed as if his own countenance was mirrored to his view, and he pressed his hand to his forehead, as if endeavoring to collect his scattered thoughts.

"Did you ever *know* your father?" continued the priest, in the same calm, measured voice, for all his agitation had subsided in the discharge of the solemn duty that had so suddenly devolved upon him.

"Never," was the reply; "I be-

lieve he died before my birth, or when I was an infant. My poor mother always evaded the topic when I tried to induce her to speak of it; latterly she has told me contradictory stories, so that I know not what to believe."

"Enough, for this evening. Will you meet me, your new-found relative, the day after to-morrow, at St. Julien's asylum, at the hour of noon? Our mutual friend here, will, I am very sure, accompany you."

"How strange! how inexplicable! But I am so glad to have met with one of my kindred," said Walter, affectionately grasping the young priest's hand. "The day after to-morrow? Well, it is a long while to wait, but I will be true to my engagement," and a sigh escaped him as the priest replaced the miniature in his vest.

Chapter XXIV.

THE MEETING.

True to his appointment, Walter reached St. Julien's at twelve o'clock, in the company of his friend, the Canon, who said nothing as to the mystery of his friend's birth, which was that day to be cleared up.

He had not seen his supposed mother in the interim; even had he done so, he would not have spoken of his meeting with the priest, who claimed relationship with him, until the second interview had taken place.

One of the nuns met him in the corridor.

"Mrs. Darvil is fast sinking; you had best see her at once," she said. "She appears to have quite recovered her reason, as is not unfrequently the case as death approaches."

"My poor mother! God be thanked!" ejaculated the young man; and with much emotion he followed the nun to Ella's room.

"Ah! my darling boy," she said, "how glad I am to see you. I feel very ill, in short—now don't shed tears; it is shocking to see a man do that—my dear boy, I feel that I am dying, and a dense, dark veil, which has enshrouded my faculties, seems suddenly removed, and the early years of my life are present to me more than they have ever been before. Sister Gonzaga, listen to what I say," she added, striving to raise herself in the bed. "First, my dear boy, I want your forgiveness for a terrible wrong I have done you. Will you give it me?"

"Oh! mother, mother, dearest mother, *you* have never injured me!"

"I have. You are not my son."

"Not your son!" ejaculated Walter, in a piteous accent of consternation and surprise.

At this moment there was a light tap at the door, and the nun, bending over Ella, who still grasped the hand of her nephew, whispered—

"There is an English priest and his mother wishful to speak with you. They are old friends, very dear friends; may they come in?"

"Yes, certainly." And then she murmured, "Dear, beloved boy, you will be so happy yet."

Then there stood beside the bed of the dying Ella, her sister, and her youngest son, the Jesuit priest.

Almost as pale as the face of the dying woman, was that of Mrs. Forrester, who had been hastily summoned from Paris by Father Herbert, on whose arm she leaned for support.

"My son," she murmured, and would have rushed to Walter, had not the nun made a sign, fearful of exciting by any great manifestation, the dying Ella.

"Do you know me, Ella?" she said, bending over the bedside.

For a moment there was a pause, then she said—

"Yes, I think I do. Why, you are my own Louisa, only your beautiful hair has turned gray, and you are old, like me; not as we were when I ran away from Ashleigh Thorpe."

Then she burst into a flood of tears.

"Ella, love, I am glad we have met again; now tell me all about it," she said, anxious to draw forth the truth in the presence of witnesses, before the last dread change should take place. Tell me all, Ella; did my baby live? Why did you take my darling away?"

"Because I loved him so dearly I could not bear to live desolate and alone. Oh, Louisa, the veil has been withdrawn that has obscured my mental faculties so many years. Had I been perfectly conscious, I could not have asked you to forgive this wrong. Walter, my dear boy, come here and give me your hand, and your mother's, and say you forgive Aunt Ella for the sake of her great, her boundless love."

"Can it be possible," he said, as he felt and returned with warmth the kiss of his stranger mother. "Yes, all is now made clear, which from infancy upwards was dark and obscure."

Then the dying woman smiled, and whispered, as if to herself—

"Yes, and she will not be ashamed of my boy, for I gave him a good education, God bless him!" and an expression of intense satisfaction passed over her features.

"Kiss me, Edward; nay, Walter, I mean. Kiss me, my brave, affectionate boy, and be as kind to your true mother as you have been to me." Then she played nervously with the bedclothes, and they knew all was nearly over, because she complained it grew dark, when the noonday sun was still at its height.

Then Father Herbert drew nigh the bed, and read aloud those beautiful prayers of the Church for the soul that is departing.

Suddenly a smile passed over the wan features, the eyes were covered with the film of death—dead to the outer world; with one hand she made the sign of the cross, the other she passed over the bedclothes as if in search of something.

He understood her meaning even ere the words "Walter" and "Louisa" were faintly uttered; they laid their hands, joined together, in her own; there was a gentle pressure, a faint smile on the calm and pallid face, and the spirit of poor Ella was freed from its mortal coil.

(To be concluded.)

TRUE CIVILIZATION.

The motive for the vindication and eulogy of Catholicity has been used in modern times in argument for its condemnation. There was a time when the Church was hailed as the offspring of heaven, because she produced and nourished civilization. In our day she is said to be unfruitful on the score of cultivation, and therefore fallen away from her primitive value. This assertion affords unbelievers efficient means of attack upon the spouse of Christ. It is a stone of scandal over which the weak-minded often stumble, and in some measure an uneasiness for many persons of good feeling and understanding. It is painful to be obliged to notice such a fact; but it must be done, for the salutary information of cowardly and deluded persons, as likewise for the admonition of those religious diplomatists who think it would be well to live as heretics and die in orthodoxy. If we earnestly and truthfully examine the construction of calumny and scorn, devised to overshadow the beauty and bounty of the Church, there is no doubt concerning its demolition and the recoil of the wreck upon its feeble architects. In truth, it consists solely of a distorted idea and the oblivion of historical facts. Having no other force, it alarms only the stolid, and gives feigned triumph to some malignants, who know how to take advantage of the simplicity of their neighbors.

To place things in proper position, let us rectify the distorted idea, and then exhibit the historical fact so completely ignored by those persons who reproach the Church. In the notorious assault upon Catholicity, the civilization of the Church and that of its enemies are made to change place, and whilst substituting one for the other, the aggressors accuse the Church for not being more of a civilizer, when, on the contrary, the complaint should be that the world will not nowadays yield to a genuine and perfect civilization. What does the world mean by civilization? It means the whole amount of things which concern our welfare on earth, and referable to social perfection in the purest natural terms; scientific theory bereft of the full development of enlightened reason; utilitarian arts expanded into vast proportions, and multiplying without order or measure our wants and the means to satisfy them; refinement of manners, which consists in a certain exterior gracefulness and luxury rather than a conformity with truth and justice; pleasure, wealth, leisure, vast commerce, imposing political institutions, national aggrandizement, power of force,—these, and the like, constitute what the age vaunts as the crown of human perfection. As it happens that such properties cannot be fully displayed nor reach full expansion in particular individuals, the world seeks their attainment not in separate individual detail, but in the multitude, in society, as such, which alone affords a large and durable subject and the requisite supply of means. As the world discerns in the individual merely what is perishable, very limited in power and capacity, and not being able to aggrandize it by a participation of any superhuman element, it is obliged to amplify and perpetuate it in a collective form. Accordingly the scope of pretended perfectibility aims not at particular but collective person-

ality; at the social body, whence welfare is to redound more or less in the individuals, according as they may constitute its principal organs. In such a design the individual is not the end but a means; all is referred solely to society, and thence the standard is taken for the measurement of good and evil. Hence the transition is easy to pagan patriotism, state idolatry, to the crushing of populous masses, esteemed good only for production, and to the aggregate of anti-human plagues and misfortunes engendered by heathenism, and inherited by heterodox society at the present day.

This is civilization as it is understood by the world. Its constituents are merely natural goods appertaining to the sphere of the senses: its end, the present life: its subject, collective humanity affecting the individual only in a kind of overflow, and only as a particle of the mass. Instead of accepting blindly this theory of civilization, and blaming the Church for not promoting it, sound reason demands that previous examination be made, whether such be the civilization demanded and required by the nature of man, or at least whether the Church should co-operate with it.

It would be madness to pretend that the Church should produce in society those things which belong to a purely human order, and labor efficaciously for their prosperity. We cannot meet with any sacrament established by Christ to communicate a vivid spark to poets, or to artisans capacity for the invention of power and motive machinery, or diplomatic genius to statesmen, or incentives for great national enterprise. We know not of any evangelical precept indicating, as an indispensable means of Christian refinement, the construction of railroads, electric telegraphs, crystal palaces for a world's fair, cattle-shows, &c. We have not heard of a hierarchical order having for its mission the dictation of civil constitutions or the assertion of national independence. The fever of a disordered brain alone induced a certain Parliament gentleman to assert that Christ, by saying to His apostles, "*Go into the entire world and preach the gospel*," initiated the East India Company of British merchants! The nature and value of anything physical or moral can be defined only according to the end for which it has been formed. Accordingly, to understand the action of the Church we must consider the end for which it has been established. This end is the sanctification and salvation of men. The action of the Church is a continuation of the work of Christ, its head, founder, and instructor. To this effect tends the whole economy of the sacraments, of the sacred ministry in keeping with the ordinance of Christ, who as St. Paul writes, "*Gave some apostles, and some evangelists, and other some pastors and doctors*" for the formation of the eternal city of God, and the perfection of those who are mystically united in a body unto Christ. This is the sublime and supernatural work, unto which the divine Spirit has directed the labors of the Church. Here no principle of action enters primarily and directly for economical projects, for political aggrandizement, for the increase of pleasure and emolument, for the improvement of arts, with all that string of exaggerations interwoven by the world in its frame of civilization. Most certainly the Church does not impede or discourage any acquisition favorable to social culture. On the contrary it imparts in measure and indirectly a salutary influence to every legitimate constituent of prosperity and refinement, as we

will show hereafter. But it is not its office to produce or promote them by direct agency.

Hence it happens that the Church gives her care directly to the individual as the proper and immediate term of her action. And if, in her truly social temper, she regards the commonalty, she does so only as a means to benefit the individual. The effects produced in man by the Church purifying him, decorating him with supernatural excellence, and promoting every virtue, are personal and concrete facts, which subsist and are perfected in the individual, and thence expand into the community. Because the Church looks upon each of its children with the greatest reverence it imparts an incalculable dignity. She beholds in it a future glorification of God throughout eternity, a legitimate heir of the King of heaven, and she cherishes it as a most precious subject committed to her care.

The world does not understand one iota of all this, but again and again, like one half asleep, it asks, "What does the Church do?" We answer: She sanctifies souls; this is her office; this is the duty ordered by the Messiah. One alone of the souls made obedient to the divine law accomplishes a work immensely surpassing the whole amount of worldly civilization.

It is a gross error to suppose that the Church is not a source of civilization nor influential by indirect action. In fact, the sanctification of souls, at the very outset, is of itself a civilization and the most genuine refinement. Even in the natural and human order, and in relation to the moral part of civilization, the Church is directly influential, and this occurs in a twofold manner. One is by reason of an adequate preparation. For grace supports nature and everything relative to the subject about which it should operate. Now, the subject for the operations of the Church is man, whose rational being should be improved and elevated by means of grace. If the subject so predisposed is wanting, the Church is obliged in a certain sense to create it, laboring to free it from the vices with which it is deformed, and to divest it of all habits opposite to a new and sanctified state of being. This is a principal action of the Church in view of its essential and more exalted purpose. Thus, when the savages of America were discovered, the first care of the preachers was to humanize those fierce, degraded beings. Their instant operation was to mollify them, to refine their manners, to collect them in fellowship, to enamour them of a pacific and social mode of living, to train them to labor, temperance, and mutual respect. This elementary civilization, by which man is divested of ruggedness and sensuality, and made docile to the mastery of the Church and tractable for her action, is necessarily desired and carefully and assiduously procured.

Another way of direct influence of the Church in the moral civilization of man within the natural sphere occurs as a consequence and infallible effect, because the efficacy of sublime ideas, of faith, and of the powerful comforts of grace, supposing man's co-operation, must produce eminent improvement through the distinct knowledge of duties and the ready will to perform them. They constitute the vital elements of all civil association, involving the purification and embellishment of the interior, whence proceed external, virtuous, and beneficent actions. This most precious culture is by the Church directly procured and promoted, being the fruit of the seed which it plants and cultivates in those who freely submit to her action. Hence the apostle Paul in his epistle to Titus, having

described the moral virtues unto which all classes were to be exhorted, concludes by stating the effect of grace. "*The grace of God our Saviour hath appeared to all men, instructing us that, denying ungodliness and worldly desires, we should live soberly and justly and godly in this world, looking for the blessed hope and coming of the glory of the great God, and of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who gave himself for us that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and might cleanse to himself a people acceptable, a pursuer of good works.*" The virtues which comprise all the duties towards God, our neighbor, and ourselves, are prescribed by the apostle as necessary to form us into the elect people purchased by the blood of Jesus Christ. Nevertheless, whilst he connects such things with the abnegation of secular desires, he shows that this part of civilization may consist with that which relates to the conveniency of life.

Wherefore the Church prefers and procures with all its might this one object of the advent of Christ, without which neither national grandeur, social wealth, extensive traffic, nor any other amount of material advantage is valuable for man. True, the world thinks differently. But what matter? The great point is that the Church does not deviate from the teaching of the apostle, according to which, "*all things are to be counted a loss in comparison with the knowledge of Jesus Christ.*" Phil. 3.

In such a point of view, the simple village maid, who, amidst humiliations and privations, earnestly contemplates and loves heavenly things, is more estimable and respectable than the so-called fine lady with all the cost of dress and sensualism of refinement. The obscure peasant, of innocent manners, of pure mind, sober and industrious, &c., is infinitely superior to the most notorious or braggart soldier. The poor beggar, ragged and famished, asking alms for the love of God, if he keeps the commandments and patiently bears his trials, is far more civilized than the saucy man of letters or purse proud upstart. This is a truth admitted by all truly intelligent men. It is not the mode of Dives, but is the credit of Lazarus.

If, then, the Church with assiduous care directly promotes this moral progress and perfection, is it not a sufficient proof that she is the friend—nay, the very author of civilization?

The Church being universal in its organization, with a most perfect system of subordination, wonderfully keeps alive and active in the minds of the people the idea of authority, order, and happy union, uncontrolled by diversities of race, language, climate, or any other accidents of simple humanity. Universal fraternization is to be found only in the Church, not as a chimera, but an affection really felt and practically carried out. It is in virtue of such an affection, diffused in charity by the operation of the Church, and continually inculcated as the very essence of all spiritual and civilized life, that we find continually springing up amongst the faithful, institutions of public beneficence, through which, in the double course of spiritual and corporeal works of mercy, there is not a need without succor, a misery without relief, a misfortune without a comfort. International commerce is a chief means of civilization. Yet has there been ever instituted so close and noble a community of doctrines, ideas, feelings, and manners amongst nations widely separated by time and space as by the Catholic Church? Ancient and modern times, the Greek and the barbarian, the East and West, the North and South, she hath bound together by the ties of

a common faith. Hence the mighty stream of intellectual culture is augmented by a thousand tributaries. Hence no literature is so rich, so various, so learned, so profound, and so comprehensive as Catholic literature. Narrow, indeed, was the intellectual horizon of heathenism compared with that of Christianity. Heathenism bound the learning of its sages within the compass of restricted nationality. But, with the rise of Christian philosophy, we see the circle of knowledge vastly extended; and the noble array of men of profound intellect and extensive learning increases with the age of the Church unto the present day. The moral discipline which the Church exercises over the soul and senses of man, the peace of mind she insures, the steadiness and diligence she inculcates, the purity and loftiness of purpose she exacts for the due discharge of all our undertakings, insure the greatest advantages of social welfare. Whilst the Church wars only with what may be detrimental to man, there is nothing beautiful, honorable, or beneficent with which it will not coalesce; and it has affinities to attract and harmonize whatever may be turned to good. It blesses all the arts that help to humanize or soothe the anguished or lethargic. It shames the muses into self-respect by leading them away from sources whence they drew only the inebriety of the passions unto purer fountains of inspiration. Illimitable is the vista of monuments of her effects in arts and science, in literature and philosophy. To concentrate in a single sentence what might be made to fill volumes, we say there is not a principle or means of refined culture and social progress which she has not created or fostered. As already stated, the persons who detract the Church on the score of civilization argue not only from a distorted idea, but also from the oblivion of an historical fact. In all ages and climes, when society harmonized with the Church, everything that bore a relation to religion was interwoven with its interests, and thence derived impulse and direction. The voice of the Church was sufficient to arouse Europe and turn it on Asia, not to avenge the rape of an Helena or to garland the brow of an Alexander, but to redeem humanity from the disgrace of Islamism. The diadem was not placed on monarchs if the sacred chrism had not first impressed them with a character of sanctity, consecrating them as defenders of virtue, friends of weakness and innocence. The Church gave arbitrators and pacificators between nations, peoples, and princes. Her ministers were the earliest political corps of states; canon law was the first mode of legislation, and the executive thence received the rules of equity and the manner of their dispensation among the people. Recent investigation of this subject has been attended with results eminently creditable; it has uprooted a heap of ignorant prejudices in the public mind, and disseminated more respectful feelings towards the Church. It is seen how much modern civilization is indebted to her strong remonstrances addressed to the emperors of Rome and Constantinople, to her assertion and vindication of the prerogatives of moral over brute force during the first inroads of the barbarians, to the counterpoise she erected against the iron grasp of feudalism, and to the undaunted front she opposed to princes in their licentious excesses or cruel tyranny. It is now well known that she sowed the seed of every moral advancement, of every amelioration in the social or domestic scale, of which we are reaping the advantages at the present day. The truthful testimony of an opponent is valuable. One of them, Hallam, says: "*Religion alone made a*

bridge over the chaos of barbarism, uniting the two periods of ancient and modern civilization," while Guizot emphatically declares that "*it was the Church and not merely Christianity that did all this; for* (to use his own words) *had Christianity been no more than a belief, a sentiment, an individual conviction, we may believe that it would have sunk amidst the dissolution of the empire and the incursion of the barbarians.*" It was the writing of the history of civilization that converted Frederick Schlegel; it was the writing of the history of the thirteenth century, or rather the life of Pope Innocent the Third, that converted the distinguished minister Hurter; it was the writing of the history of civilization generally, and of Francis I in particular, that almost made a Catholic of that learned and eminent statesman and politician, M. Guizot. And this happens because it is seen how the foundations have been relaid, so as to elevate the noblest and most perfect superstructure. So numerous and brilliant are the facts that the Christian philosopher finds it a difficult task to compile an abbreviated evidence. The barriers of caste have been broken down; potentates have been reminded of their responsibility to a higher power; the arts of peace have been invested with honorable distinction over the arts of war. Sovereignty has been reduced to the pure conception of a sacred ministry, ordained not for the glory of the ruler, but for the benefit of the subjects. Subjection has been changed from vile abasement to decorous and meritorious obedience, yielded not merely to man, but to a viceroyalty of heaven, and thus has been introduced a most fortunate balance of freedom and subordination. Most especially we must note the suppression of slavery, the most ancient plague of the world, so inveterate as to appear incurable. Yet the iron shackles yielded to the pressure of the Church. In an age when there is some feeble talk about woman's rights, it ought to be remembered that the Church first chanted in the sacred anthems the eulogy of the devout female sex. Catholic Christianity alone exalts woman to an august eminence corrective of the vileness of which she had been long the instigator or the victim. By hallowing the connubial state and maintaining its indissolubility, the domestic circle has been made a miniature of the Church, a preparatory school for heaven; it teaches mankind to regard their offspring with reverence as being the clients of angels.

All this may be admitted in relation to the past, whilst it is pretended that the Church does not exercise in our age the influence in the order of earthly civilization which was so grandly exhibited in former times. Such an opinion is egregiously false. The Church has not changed either in principle or in action. Her opponents charge it as a fault that she is immovable, unbending, and unchangeable, and thus they unwittingly testify that being like her Founder,—*the same yesterday, to-day, and forever*,—and having been a civilizer in the past, she is therefore equally so in the present time. The Church believes and professes the same faith which now is identical with the first endowment of truth. Nothing has been added, nothing diminished. There is the same direction for every movement, namely, to turn hearts to heaven. The contrary would be inconceivable, for every action of nature is moved by the person, and the personality of the Church is Christ himself, of whom she is the mystic body. (2 Cor. 7; Eph. 5.) As Christ is immutable, the Church cannot change. Hence her vigorous virtue and unfailing exertion, just precisely as the ac-

tion of the body is more properly belonging to the soul as the vivifying and moving power.

Where any deficiency of civilization is noticeable, it is invariably traced to apostasy and revolt against the Church, which in this respect meets the same casualty as its divine Founder. "*He came to his own, and his own received him not.*" He went about doing good, and men said He had a devil in Him, and charged Him with incapacity for good when they tauntingly asked him *to save himself from the cross.* The same has been from time to time the fortune of the Church in her contact with society. From the beginning she has been pursued as the Saviour was pursued by Herod. The murderers of man's innocence and felicity with the allied passions—pride, lust, selfishness—have always dreaded their discomfiture through Christianity. Accordingly they have been always in arms against it. They sought to stifle it in its cradle, and when disappointed they unceasingly persecuted it with rabid and unrelenting animosity, saying all manner of evil things.

That the Church may exercise a proper influence, it is requisite that there be congeniality and sympathy. It is necessary that man, the state, and society approach within her action, modify earthly instincts with supernatural inspiration, direct worldly views to exalted designs, lend a willing ear to just precepts and counsels, and concentre civil and political institutions within the original motive power of all human culture. Then alone will the influences of a divine order meet the ordinary social arrangement. If the reverse occur, it will be impossible for the Church to produce beneficial effects, not through a failure of her own peculiar virtue, but owing to repulsion and resistance of the subject. Such being the case, it is unjust and criminal to accuse the Church for not doing that which she is not permitted to do.

ABOUT TEARS.

Is it possible that Science, that prying dame, who is always thrusting her probing finger into out-of-the-way things and places, should not have respected such a poetical and sacred object as a tear? Can it be believed that she has ever had the heart to sit patiently by the side of the mourner; to watch with grim attention the quivering of his eyelid, and as at last the tear rolled out, to snatch it up quickly on its passage, and to carry it still warm and glistening under the lens of a microscope? Yes; Science has little sensibility about her; like Justice, she carries a pair of scales in her hand, and in these she weighs things in her prim, dry way, jotting down statistics, where a poet would scribble rhymes, and reducing all the emotions, passions, and sufferings of mankind to a question of "analysis" and "component parts."

Science had already tested blood: of the rich red fluid that flows so warmly in the veins of man, she had made a glutinous liquid filled with animalcula. With her sharp steel scissors she had cut off a lock of lovely auburn hair from the head

of an unsuspecting maiden, and shown us cynically that what we so admired was but a bunch of coarse strings, which under the magnifying-glass looked rougher and stouter than cables. The teeth, "like pearls;" the eyes, "like sapphires;" the nails, "like rose-leaves," had all been one by one revealed to us in their material unsightly reality. One after another had all our illusions been clipped off by the hard old woman, who, not content, however, and continually on the look-out for novelty, one morning took a "tear," whence Fame says not, and lectured calmly and drily upon it, as I am going to do now.

The principal element, the prime ingredient, so to say, of a tear is water; this water, upon dissolution, contains a few hundredth parts of the substance called *mucus*, and a small portion of salt, of soda, of phosphate of lime, and of phosphate of soda. It is the salt and the soda that give to tears that peculiar savor which earned for tears the epithet of "salt" at the hand of Greek poets, and that of "bitter" at that of ours; "salt" is, however, the more correct term of the two. When a tear dries, the water evaporates, and leaves behind it a deposit of the saline ingredients; these amalgamate, and, as seen through the microscope, array themselves in long crossed lines, which look like diminutive fish-bones.

Tears are secreted by a gland called the "lachrymal gland," which is situated above the eyeball, and underneath the upper eyelid on the side nearest the temple. Six or seven exceedingly fine channels flow from it along and under the surface of the eyelid, discharging their contents a little above the delicate cartilage which supports the lid. It is these channels or canals that carry the tears into the eye. But tears do not flow only at certain moments and under certain circumstances, as might be supposed; their flow is continuous; all day and all night (although less abundantly during sleep) they trickle softly from their slender sluices, and spread glistening over the surface of the pupil and eyeball, giving them that bright, enamel, and limpid look which is one of the characteristic signs of health. It is the ceaseless movement and contraction of the eyelids that effect the regular spreading of the tears; and the flow of these has need to be constantly renewed in the way just mentioned, because tears not only evaporate after a few seconds, but also are carried away through two little drains, called "lachrymal points," and situated in the corner of the eye near the nose. Thus all tears, after leaving the eyelids, flow into the nostrils, and if the reader will assure himself of this, he has only to notice, unpoetical as the fact may be, that a person after crying much is always obliged to make a twofold use of his or her pocket-handkerchief.

The utility of tears to animals in general, and in particular to those who are exposed much to the dust, such as birds who live amidst the winds, is easy to understand; for the eye would soon be dirtied and blocked up, like an uncleaned window-pane, had not nature provided this friendly ever-flowing stream to wash and refresh it. A very little fluid is necessary to keep the eye always clear and clean; but here again we must admire the wonderful mechanism which works the human body, for it is to be observed that when, through some accident or hurt, the eyeball has need of more water than usual to cleanse it, nature at once turns on a more abundant supply of tears. Thus, for instance, when a grain of dust or an insect creeps into the eye, the eyelids at once fill and

run over with tears, and these not only alleviate the pain, but also, when the object is small enough, carry it away down the two small conduits already noticed. The same thing occurs when either smoke, too vivid light, or too intense cold obscures the sight—tears at once come to our relief, and protect the eye from harm.

With regard now to the other tears—those I mean which proceed from moral instead of physical causes—the explanation to be given of them is a very prosy and material one. Tears are caused both by the sudden and rapid flow of blood to the head and by excessive nervous excitement. They are most frequent with women and children, whose nervous organization is less strong than that of men. Amongst men it is those of sanguine or nervous temperaments who weep most often. Lymphatic natures, on the contrary, and people of bilious temperament, rarely weep at all; the former because they have commonly but little sensibility, and the latter because they have usually a firm control over their feelings. When, therefore, a man of lymphatico-bilious temperament is seen to shed tears under emotion, one may feel sure that the innermost nerves of his heart have been wrung, and one must bow one's head in respect before a man whose pangs must be intense. Conversely, it is prudent to keep one's coolness before strongly excitable or highly imaginative people who weep; their tears are often genuine, but, as a rule, they cost them but little effort, and in nine cases out of ten are forgotten as soon as shed. Actors of great talent call up tears at will, by working themselves into a wild state of excitement. Mademoiselle Rachel, for instance, than whom no colder, more unloving woman ever trod the stage, used, when she put forth all her efforts, to weep so passionately that she would set fifteen hundred spectators crying with her.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A Dictionary of the English Language. By Noah Webster, LL.D. G. & C. Merriam: Springfield, Mass., 1872.

We have received from the publishers the latest edition of this valuable work. To attempt an extended discussion of its merits at this late day would be altogether superfluous. First, because they are so well known to its friends as to need no commendation. Secondly, because the long and bitter literary feud between the champions of the Websterian and of the Worcesterian systems has grown so intense, and so hardened by age, as to have become almost a second nature with either party; leaving us little hope of making, if we would, any converts from the opposite side. This conflict, however, is a war of philological *systems*, and ought not to affect first principles.

Three things constitute a good dictionary,—orthography, definition, and pronunciation. In the first of these Webster is the acknowledged authority, as he was undoubtedly the first to break through the old and now happily obsolete forms of spelling, as taught by the earlier lexicographers. His mistake was, perhaps, that timidity which naturally deters some men from making too sweeping innovations on time-honored systems prevented him at first from making his improvements as thorough and extensive as was desirable. This error has, however, gradually and gently been corrected; and Worcester himself acknowledges his indebtedness to Webster on this score; and in any event most stand-

ard dictionaries now give the different forms of spelling.

In definition Webster is the authority of authorities. It is in this, to use the language of one of his editors, that the chief value of a dictionary consists; and herein Webster stands without a rival among the English lexicographers of both continents.

In pronunciation lies the great point of dispute between the rival factions. While our author and his editors were as painstaking on this as on other points, it is nevertheless true that he has impressed on it some of his New England idiosyncrasies. This must continue to remain a question of taste. On the whole, we must acknowledge that Webster is the standard-bearer of lexicographers. All the older systems were purged by him, and all that is excellent in the later compilers must acknowledge the *impetus* first given by him to the improvement of our language, as the source of its merits.

This work has been before the public since 1828: the former editions, successively improved upon in every department, by a magnificent corps of editors, every member of which is a standard authority in himself, have in the present edition reached a culminating degree of excellence, the illustrations alone reaching several thousand, and the publishers have done their part of the labor in a manner every way befitting so noble a work.

The Old God. A Narrative for the People. Boston: P. Donahoe, 1872. Received from P. F. Cunningham, 216 South Third Street.

A neat little tale from the German of a writer now rapidly acquiring fame, Count Conrad von Bolanden, author of *The Progressionists*, and other popular novels, recently given to the public by the Catholic Publication Society. The translator is Rev. Theo. Noethen, of the Church of the Holy Cross, Albany, N. Y., to whom the public is also indebted for the translation of the truly magnificent works of Dr. Veith, late preacher of St. Stephen's Cathedral, Vienna. With such names on the title-page this book should need no other recommendation; but it does not base its claims for popularity solely on such extraneous accidents, possessing as it does intrinsic merits of no mean order. Its purpose is to show, under the form of a brief story, that the present diasters of France are attributable to the infidelity towards the Holy See of her rulers under both Napoleon the great and the present exiled Emperor. The narrative is drawn up with considerable dramatic effect, and concludes with a graphic, though perhaps a somewhat romantic, description of the surrender at Sedan. We are happy to reverse, in this instance, our strictures in the last number of the *Record* on Mr. Donahoe's typographical delinquencies. The richly tinted paper, red edges, large clear type and chaste Gothic binding of *The Old God* are calculated to greatly enhance its sale.

Duties of Young Men. Translated from the Italian, by R. A. Vain. D. & J. Sadlier, New York and Montreal. 1872.

The fact that the necessarily didactic tone of such works as the one before us naturally tends to render them unpopular with the class of readers for which they are specially intended, does not lessen the intrinsic merits of this beautiful little volume, and we feel confident that its value will be enhanced, tenfold, in the eyes of the reading public, when we announce as an additional recommendation, that it is a translation from that most charming of modern Italian writers, Silvio Pellico. Those who have read, either in the original or in the late excellent translations, the *Le Mei Prigioni* of the same author, will surely take up, with eagerness, a book which portrays equally, if not in a superior degree, all the beautiful charms of style, reflecting that "strength in sweetness," which is the predominant characteristic of this writer.

Though some chapters might have been judiciously omitted, as unsuited to the American reader, yet we can safely recommend it, especially when we reflect on the superiority of such ethical works, inspired, as this, by the spirit of faith, to the cold pedantry of such brilliant trash as *Lord Chesterfield's Letters* A selection from *Lacordaire's Letters to Young Men* is given as an appendix, although the work of the great Dominican is perhaps less practical, yet the extracts therefrom are aptly chosen, and form a fitting conclusion to the book.

IN PRESS,

and will appear about the 20th of November, "A Life of Saint Augustine," by Very Rev. Dr. Moriarty, O. S. A., of Philadelphia. This will be a valuable work, and from the ability of the reverend author and the care that has been spent in its preparation, we feel assured that a rich literary treat is in store for us. It will contain a handsome steel plate engraving of St. Augustine and St. Monica, and we have no doubt will be presented to the public in Mr. Cunningham's characteristic good style.